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The Forty-One Review

Published by

Trojan Patrol

APR 29 1944

VOL. 1 December, 1932 NO. 1

STAFF

Editor	Robie Macauley
Compositor	John Van Schoten
Sports	Merle Johnson
Apprentice	Charles Macauley

OUR PAPER

A few weeks ago, our patrol held a supper-meeting at my house. We began talking about printing and writing when my father, who is interested in in amateur papers, suggested that we print a scout paper. We put our heads together and this is the result.

Any helpful suggestions would be appreciated. also we would like you to express your opinion of this paper.

This paper is affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association an organization which promotes the writing, editing and printing of amateur papers.

The Editor was happy to receive a membership from his dad who is a life member.

The Editor

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 2 1944

Franklin's
Amateur Symposium
"From the Empire State"

Vol. 1. No. 1. October 1933 Price 3c

CO-OPERATION

by John Howe English

A very important thing in life is the ability to get along with people. The sooner a boy or girl learns to co-operate with others, the better his or her chances for the future, are.

In school and college, teamwork and co-operation are taught and one learns that every player on a team must co-operate, not having one player make a brilliant play.

So it is when you get out in life, if it were not for co-operation our factories, industries and institutions would be unable to operate.

Now is the time to practice co-opera-

(Continued on page five)

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#3

The Forty-One Review

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

Published by

Trojan Patrol

VOL. 1 March, 1933 NO. 2

STAFF

Editor — Robie Macauley

Apprentice — Charles Macauley

PLAY THE GAME

In a little village north of Grand Rapids, there is an inscription high on the wall at one end of the spacious school gym.

The motto reads: "*When the one great scorer writes against your name, he writes not whether you won or lost, but how you played the game*"

To find a better chart to set the course of the young people's lives in that school, or any other, would be almost an impossibility.

"*But how* you *played the game!*"

What a wealth of meaning this phrase carries.

Look in any direction in the world today and

cont' on last page

JAN 1927

#4

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

To All the Fossils, All Over the World

Volume I | Buffalo, N. Y., January, 1934 | Number 1

AN EXPLANATION

This message is sent out from the president's office, because of delay to the Official Organ, "The Fossil". There is no dissension, just a gentleman's difference of opinion as to the conduct of the Association. And the desire of the president to write his own message and avoid censorship, which individuals, and the Press, maintain as their inalienable right.

APR 2 0 1944

Membership

My dear fellow Fossils:

Faced with the fact that each year our number is reduced by an average of ten members, and with a membership of some two hundred and thirty, it is quite plain to see the need of greater effort to interest more of the amateurs who were active from 1870 to 1900. There are still many who have never joined. Either the existence of Fossils, Inc., is unknown to them, or the matter of joining has not been presented in its most favorable manner. It is true that individuals in our membership extend to every kind of profession, trade and activity in life. The wider publicity of our association should be encouraged on a definite plan. A mention of early activity in our school for journalism, should be one method of approach. Within a week we have heard of a half dozen Fossils who are not members. The urge to join has not been sufficient to cause them to apply for membership.

Dues

During the continuance of the present depression, with the losses of 1929 and since in our mind, it might be well to consider the reduction of the annual dues of $5.00. There are some who are not able to pay any part of this amount.

X-PN 4827

#5

The
Forty-One Review

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

APR 29 1944

Published by
Trojan Patrol

Grand Rapids, Michigan

The first amateur Boy Scout paper in Western Michigan

VOL. 2 **Mar., 1934** **NO. 3**

JIMMY

He always wore kid gloves and he had a host of freckles beneath his curly, sandy hair, but the recollection of his smile looms biggest on the horizen of my memory.

Yes, there was his smile, the memory-lasting kind, the smile that didn't change when the class bully tried to kid Jimmy about his gloves, or on always "getting his lesson for the teacher."

Jimmy was strictly on his own. He always came with the gloves, freckles, and smile. Knowing his lesson was as sure as Sunday School, so we began to count on Jimmy's leading the way. Still he was quiet, only the feeling his smile cast about him, was his bid to friendliness. The thankful prayer of our teacher, the failure of the bully to ride him, and a quaint, happy memory to me, that has

X-PN 4827 #1

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Published by
Trojan Patrol
Grand Rapids, Michigan

APR 29 1944

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#7

FRATERNALLY YOURS

Published in the interests of Amateur Journalism and the Official United Ticket

Vol. I | June-July, 1934 | No. 1

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An Unusual Request Made Upon the United Amateur Press Association of America

Mr. R. I. Longhran, representing Mr. Hugh Baillie, executive vice president of The United Press Association, paid me a friendly visit on May 4th, 1934. The purpose of this visit was to request the United Amateur Press Association Of America to change it's name, and the reason for this unusual request, Mr. Longhran explained, was due to the similarity of the names of the two press associations. He claimed the United Amateur has been confused as a branch of the United Press Association, and it appears the word "United" in particular is the bone of contention.

Mr. Longhran was uniformed of the purpose, activity, and history of our association and I presume his chief was uninformed as well, and therefore neither of these two gentlemen are in a position to understand the magnitude of the request made of the United Amateur Press Association.

I kindly explained to Mr. Longhran, that to change the name of our press association would almost annihilate the U. A. P. A. because it would mean destroying the world famous reputation we have built up during 37 years of uninterrupted activity in behalf of amateur journalism. To change our name would mean losing many thousands upon thousands of dollars which have been spent in its promotion, and it would mean starting all over again in exploiting another name.

I pointed out that the U.A.P.A. has every right of priority to its name for we were organized on September 2nd, 1895, in the city of Philadelphia, and I expressed great surprise that The United Press Association should find a confliction in names after doing 27 years of business. I have subsequently found out that the United Press Association was incorporated in the city of New York in 1907, 12 years after the organizing of the United Amateur Press Association of America.

Therefore, since The United Press Association is engaged in a business enterprise of news gathering, while the activity of the U.A.P.A. is nonmercenary, and altruistic amateur journalism; furthermore, since their name is "United Press Association," while we again are known as **"The United Amateur Press Association Of America,"** it is apparent that a great difference exists in each respective name and organization.

I informed Mr. Longhran, that Mr. Hugh Baillie is asking for something beyond my power and authority to grant, and that the only and proper procedure in the settlement of this matter would be to act in accordance with the provisions of our constitution. Further, I made it plain that I would not even think of approaching the membership on this matter, much less propose the request in the form of an amendment, unless they could submit pertinent and specific instances of confusion, which we in our opinion could consider reason sufficiently important, to warrant serious deliberation. Mr. Longhran was not prepared to submit to me any such evidence, neither have I heard anything further from The United Press Association on this subject.

Mr. Longhran however, asked my per-

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EXTRA EXTRA

FOUR STAR SPORTS

★ ★ «COAST-TO-COAST» ★ ★

Vol. 1 August, 1939 No.

APR 29 1944

Garske Assails Pyle; Rodriguez Picks Donald

By Ed Rodriguez

In my opinion, the rookie of the year is neither Williams nor Hutchinson, but Atley Donald of the New York Yankees. He possesses a record of twelve wins and only one loss at the time this article is being written. A string of twelve victories has been quite a surprise to all of the fans, altho he has not been up against really "touch" competition such as Feller, Grove, Bridges, etc. But, for his first year in the Majors, he has set a record that will long be remembered.

Williams, I believe is the outstanding player, aside from Donald. He has surely put power in the Red Sox machine; has had a lot to do with the Red Sox defeating the New York Yankees at the Champs backyard, and should have been

continued on page 2

By Jack L. Garske

Ted Williams beyond a doubt is the outstanding Major League rookie of the year. At this writing Williams has batted across some 70 runs to lead both leagues. He is tied with Gordon and Selkirk in his league and Ott, Camilli, and McCormick in the National League for round trip swats. Williams is a fine fielder and has a beautiful wing which will surely help to make his big league stay a long one.

With all this in mind I don't see how anyone, namely Bill Pyle could pick Freddie Hutchinson for the leading rookie of the year when his record with the last place American Association Toledo Mudhens is nine wins and nine losses. However, Freddie has shown much promise and has been pitching good ball of

(Continued on page 2)

CONVENTION SCOOP Page 3 ☞

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«REPEAT PERFORMANCE» Serial P.5

FOUR STAR SPORTS

★ ★ «COAST-TO-COAST» ★ ★

Vol. I May, 1939 No. 3

APR 22 1944

'39 Army-Navy Game to be Played in Chicago?

Hutchinson, Rookie of the Year

By Bill Pyle

My choice for the rookie of the year is Freddie Hutchinson. Freddie broke into organized baseball last year with the Seattle Rainiers. He pitches with his head using a fine curve and a "nothing ball." Freddie has shown a fast ball on a few occasions when he was in trouble. He is a very smart pitcher for not throwing his arm away as most other young hurlers. He was voted the most valuable minor league player last year which is doing very well for his first season.

Continued on page 5

Illinois Congressmen Pledge Support

To appeal to president if necessary

By Arthur [illegible]

During the past five months since the appointment last fall of Midshipman Allen Bergner and Cadet Harry [illegible]ella, both of Kankakee, Illinois, to the captaincy of their respective service school teams, the concerted efforts of authorities of Kankakee and all high authorities of Illinois have been directed toward the goal of obtaining the annual service game to be played in Chicago this fall. The

Continued on page 6

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Highest Individual Batting Averages P. 3

FOUR STAR SPORTS

★ ★ «COAST-TO-COAST» ★ ★

Vol. I April, 1939 No. 2

APR 29 1939

Who's A Bum?

It is fairly definite that Tony Galento will meet Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship this summer, and perhaps the result of the fight will show Galento that Louis isn't a bum as the beer guzzler has mentioned before. After the Louis-Lewis mix it became apparent that Joe Louis is still the best in the business.

Ski Slide

The largest artificial ski slide in the world is not in Los Angeles as mentioned in the February *"Four Star Sports"* but in Iron Mountain, Mich. Several of our Wisconsin and Michigan readers have notified us of this fact. the slide at Iron Mountain being 250 feet high or 85 feet higher than the far western one.

Who Are Best Hitters?

Whom do you think are or have been the best ten hitters in baseball? No doubt you have your favorites as have others and this time we shall attempt to name the best ten Major League Baseball Hitters according to your selections. Just send to either of the editors your selection of the ten players you think should be included and those receiving the largest number of votes will be the ones selected.

High School Boasts Win Streak

East High School of Green Bay has a football team which has won 29 games in a row and is seeking the state record for a Class A school of 31 victories. The team is coached by Tom "Red" Hearden, formerly of Notre Dame and the Green Bay Packers.

Members Manage Teams

Two amateur journalists are managing athletic squads this year; Morton Miller the third and fourth string basketeers of Lomita High of California and Harold "Doc" Sweed manages the Redbirds softball team in the Keystone Softball League in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Both are AAPA members.

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The Franklin

Vol. 1 April, 1940 No. 1

Long Island

By Bill Groveman

With the rise to prominence of the Hempstead ajays many have become interested in the section of the country in which they live. Norm Levine has amply covered Hempstead itself in his article in Crews' SOUTHERNER, I will tell about Long Island.

Long Island is a strip of land about 100 miles long and 20 miles wide stretching east from Manhattan. Its population is about 5,000,000. Long Island includes two counties of Nassau and Suffolk. Nassau is the fastest growing county in the United States and is for the most part composed of small suburban individual homes, the owners working in New York City during the day and commuting back and forth. Suffolk county is a two hour ride from New York City and therefore has few commuters, mostly consisting of farms from which come famed Long Island potatoes and Long Island ducks. Truck farms are rather common in Suffolk County, too. Other foods from Long Island are oysters and corn to a smaller extent.

Long Island is rather famous in historical prominence. The fact that it consists partly of two counties which compose the city of Greater New York certainly gives it some

Con't. on Page 4

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#12

The Fourth Rater

No. 3. *December*, 1941. NEW YORK CITY HOMER BEALE, *Editor*
Copyright by Homer Beale, 1941

APR 29 1944

A "FRAUD"

The editor has given this issue and the next to Marion Blodgett to tell the various stories connected with the A. P. C. meeting and other matters — the aftermath of that fake December "Sequel" which the NAPA's printed up and distributed in her name.

—Homer Beale.

THE A. P. C. MEETING

Mr. Kempner wrote me, immediately after the appearance of that fake "Sequel", congratulating me that the "feud" was over. I replied explaining that the issue was a fake and he was really shocked. He sent me the following postal:

New York, January 8, 1942.

Dear Mrs. Blodgett:

If the Dec. "Sequel" is not genuine I am very sorry. I expected the feud to be ended. Will go to A. P. C. meeting on Sunday at the home of Bill Groveman, 38 Maryland Avenue, Hempstead, L. I. Suppose you come there as my guest. If I can help to end the unpleasantness, I will be happy to do so.

Yours sincerely,

LOUIS KEMPNER.

to which I replied as follows:

93 Mercer Street,
New York, N. Y.,
January 9th, 1942.

Dear Mr. Kempner:

Thanks for your postal but I do not think it advisable for you to go all the way out to Hempstead, L. I. on Sunday. The weather may be cold and the trip is quite long, with probable unpleasantness at the end of it. And I certainly do not see why I should go over there. Mr. Groveman seems to me a very unpleasant character. If anyone of us went, it would be some of the men in my crowd and there would be sudden violence. Sunday, I am going to a party given by my relatives and I should much prefer their society to the miserable company of these "printers".

#13

The Fourth Rater

No. 1 October, 1941. New York City Homer Beale, Editor
Copyrighted by Homer Beale, 1941

APR 29 1941

ONE CRANE, MORE OR LESS

Those of you who belong to that NAPA must be aware of the existence of a bird named Crane, one of the chief "men" of the NAPA, who specializes in belittling the women members. There seem to be many "men" of this type in that NAPA, but this Crane is the loudest and most persistent of all. It seems that he has been jealous of Margaret Nickerson Martin for many years and has done all in his power to discredit her and to detract from her fame whenever he can. None of the "men" of the N A P A bothered to call him to time for his conduct . . . probably they fear him or probably they think it is smart to act in this fashion. In any case, he performed in a disgraceful manner for about four years and they did nothing about the situation.

Recently, an ex-N A P A, Marion Blodgett, became aware of the activities of this Crane and others and remonstrated. Naturally, Crane and his cohorts turned upon Mrs. Martin's defender and started to belittle and defame her. But it so happens that he made a little mistake, in so doing. Mrs. Blodgett is the head of an organization, stronger then the NAPA . . . the Hodge Podge Association, of which Mrs. Martin is also a member. The matter of the persecution of Mrs. Martin had been reported to the Association some time before and the members were watching the NAPA's and their officers. When the chief NAPA, Crane, started to tell lies about other Hodge Podge members, we thought it time to take action. Accordingly, our President, Marion Blodgett, called a special meeting and a committee was formed to deal with the matter.

The Committee had promised Mrs. Blodgett that there would be no violence, for the present. So, matters were handled in the most decorous manner at the Committee meeting, presided over by Homer Beale. But after the meeting, I called the members of the old Limerick Club and we went to work on the Crane matter. We had promised **only** to refrain from physical violence. The courts can handle the matter of bringing Crane to justice. But I could see no reason why we of the Limerick Club could not exercise our pens on him meanwhile. Any "man" who resorts to defamation of character and to plain unvarnished lies, is inherently evil and has forefeited his right to the respect of his fellow humans, and is fit only to become the subject of jest.

It is a long time since we ran across a case of this kind, so our pens were a little rusty, but give us a little time and we'll polish up the limericks a bit.

FRANK BALDWIN,
Pres. of The Limerick Club

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#14

The Fourth Rater

No. 1 October, 1941. New York City Homer Beale, Editor
Copyrighted by Homer Beale, 1941

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Pres. of The Limerick Club

FORT SMITH SAYER

DECEMBER 1941

SERIAL RECORD
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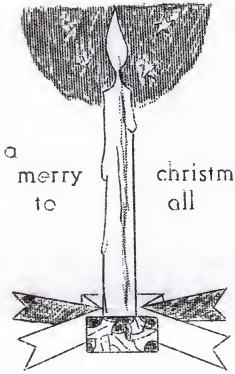

AT CHRISTMAS, 1941

Be thankful, O America!
Be thankful and praise the most High
For He has been good unto you.
Yea, good.

See Europe! O America!
Does your heart pang?
Are you glad?
So am I.

Sing, then, O America!
Fill the world with your melodious
songs!
Let your industry sing.

--Cornelius Jones

volume one number three

N 427

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

#16

THE FORT SMITH AJAYER

Published, if possible once every month by
Charles Lee Riddle, 1007 North Fifth Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas
Please address all correspondence to that address.

Volume One OCTOBER 1941 Number One

A WORD OF INTRODUCTION:::::::

You must pardon me for bursting in on you like this. I'm really harmless as you will come to find out later on.

I was introduced to the American Amateur Press Association by our best friend, "Gabby" Gabaree, and for his kindness I am dedicating this first issue to him.

This is not my first attempt at issuing a publication, but it is the first that I plan to make a success. I did try to start a stamp paper, but after four issues, "flop", and that was that.

For those that always want the sordid details here is a brief description of myself. I am 18 and have finished one year of college work at Eastern Oklahoma A. & M. College, Wilburton, Okla. While there, I was the assistant editor of the college paper, "The Mountaineer." It also ran. After two issues it gave up the ghost and again I had no paper. It was fun while it lasted, though.

At the present, I am employed as a stenographer here in Fort Smith at a wholesale shoe business. I think that is enough of me.

MY IMPRESSIONS:::: .

This issue of the Fort Smith Ajayer, I'll admit, is not much. However, it is my best attempt up to now and I hope you like it. I really didn't have enough time to get some material from the manuscript bureau, but I promise you that I'll do better in the future. By the way, are you using the manuscript bureau ? If not, why not help this fine work out by sending some material. Just address Ray A. Albert, Blacksburg, Virginia.

I noticed that Gabby recently put out a special edition of his AMANEWS in honor of the visit of Mike and Mrs. Phelan. Somewhere down the line in mentioning their farewells, he says, and I quote:" "Regretfully we BIT (the caps are mine) Mike and Helen adieu shortly after 9:30." unquote. Why Gabby, shame on you! Is this the way you treat all your company? Someone call out the dogcatcher!

WANTED! WANTED! Yes, wanted, are your comments on this issue of THE FSAJAYER. I want all the stories and articles that you can send me. We all like to write, don't we? I want your copy, don't I? Then, why don't we two get together? If you have any news items, I'd appreciate that much too. I'm counting on you fellows, so please don't let me down!!!!

IN ENGLAND IT'S "V" FOR VICTORY---IN AMERICA IT'S "DOLLARS FOR DEFENSE!" LET'S DO OUR PART!!!

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THE FORT SMITH A JAYER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

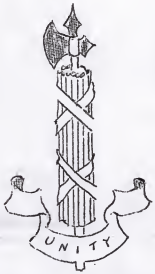
#17

Published, if possible, once a month by
Charles Lee Riddle, Box 212, Fort Smith, Arkansas.
Please address all correspondence to my new address above. Your comment and advice is wanted and invited.

VOLUME ONE NOVEMBER 1941 NUMBER TWO

THANKSGIVING

an editorial
by Charles Riddle



This year, more than ever, we can fully realize how thankful we should be. Pick up any newspaper, and you read about millions of people being bombed out of their homes. Over in Europe and Asia, famine and pestilence are sweeping over the people that roam from place to place.

Here, in America, we have just been taking things for granted. One person our of a multitude would stop to think about the difference between our position here and those in Europe. We have no dictator to tell us what to do or what not to do upon point of death.

Here, we can worship as we please, when we please, and where we please. Over there, there is no worship, but a blind worship decreed by the state for its ruler, a mad paperhanger and a pot-bellied former athlete. All other worship is unlawful!.

Here, we the people, through our representatives, rule ourselves. There, one man's word is law. What he says to do, they do, or else die. And this same way of government will be over us if we are not careful.

It's a dark picture isn't it? But there is one ray of light in all of that darkness. One little nation, so small that it could be lost in our country has dared to stand up for the rights and freedom of the people of Europe. Such a nation cannot fail, and IT WILL NOT FAIL!

Not only on Thanksgiving Day, but on every day, let us pause and offer our thanks to that great person above us all, one who died for us. We should pray that always that His teachings should lead us all in everything, and that we shall have him above us always.

BE THE EARLY BIRD!!!

Y E S - - -

You can be the early boid, but instead of the woim, you'll get my thanks, by sending me a poem, article, story, or anything.

I need the material for a special Christmas edition, so be the early boid, by sending something soon--real soon!

I go to press (or rather the mimeograph) about the 15th of November, so anything anytime before that will be swell!

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#18
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1943

The FREE-LANCE Editor

"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."

EXTRA

OUR NEW POLICY

My policy in this paper will be to devote all the pages to personal chatter about other members and their papers.

X-PN 4827

#19

The Fourth Rater

No. 4. *January*, 1942. NEW YORK CITY HOMER BEALE, *Editor*

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APR 21 1944

Slapstick Charlie Heins Becomes Co-Defendant

There is the old story, known to most of us, about the man who, everytime he opened his mouth, put his foot in it. Well, that trite and slang description fits Charlie Heins, of Slapstick fame, exactly. Charlie, who seems lacking in common sense as well as in decency, has managed to talk himself into becoming a co-defendant in a pending suit for libel.

To refresh the memories of forgetful ones, as well to inform new readers, let us recapitulate. The organization referred to in this magazine as the NAPA is a body of alleged literary aspirants who issue little journals displaying their poetry and prose to one another and to the world. They call themselves amateurs, but the clique that runs the association makes claim to professionalism, especially when any one criticizes their efforts. This association, instead of giving time to the hobby of writing and publishing literary compositions of their own or others, use these little papers almost exclusively for the purpose of back-biting one another and besmirching the reputation of any one who rises above them in ability or accomplishments.

When Margaret Nickerson Martin joined the association, she was a rising young journalist and lecturer, with a national audience. Such an acquisition to the membership of any association should have been received with shouts of joy. But these NAPA's knew Mrs. Martin was their superior, intellectually and morally, and they immediately got a campaign underway to belittle and degrade her.

They kept this persecution up for some time, until they finally succeeded in breaking down her health. Then they were happy. Once she was helpless and condemned to a wheel chair, they persecuted her mercilessly. And, so they thought, with entire safety to themselves. Mrs. Martin found new interests in life by doing constructive work for the "handicapped" and "shut-ins". It must have been a relief for her to deal with persons who were merely physically handicapped after dealing with the decayed mentalities prevalent in the NAPA. Most of the

THE FORT SMITH AJAYER

NOVEMBER 1942

H20
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GIFT

may it be soon——

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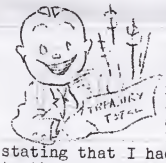
COPY 1 GIFT

#21

THE FORT SMITH AJAYER IS BACK

1942 SEPTEMBER -- OCTOBER 1942

Yes, friends, once again the FORT SMITH AJAYER IS late. Again the pressure of outside work, forced us to lay aside for the time being work on it. Also, to add to my troubles was the fact that the mimeograph machine I was using did not ink properly, thus making a hazy impression as you can plainly see on the inside pages. Since I was unable to finish the September issue of the AJAYER, this is the September-October issue. Most of the articles were intended for the September issue, but they are still good and to the point. Several deal with issues coming up in the December election, and I reccommend them to you for your reading and consideration.



THANKS

A very welcome surprise was awaiting me in my mail three weeks ago. I received a card from AAPA President Haywood stating that I had been appointed to the Treasurer's Office, replacing Merton Hiatt, who was inducted into the Army in September. I am very honored by this appointment and shall do my utmost to live up to the honor and trust imposed on me by President Haywood and the American Amateur Press Association in this office. If you feel that I have made a good Treasurer, I will appreciate your vote and support in the coming election held this December.

The decision of the Board of Directors to purchase a War Bond is, in my estimation, a very wise one. Not only is it the best investment that we could make (the $18.75 invested will bring back in ten years $25.00) but it will give the members of the AAPA a feeling that we, individually and as a group are doing our part in helping our country fight the wars she is engaged in. By the way, are YOU purchasing Bonds and stamps? If not, you ought to begin right now. A good plan, easy and simple, for working members is the 10% Payroll Reservation Plan. Ask your payroll clerk for details. Remember Bonds buy Bombs--let's buy Bonds!

JOTTINGS HERE 'N THERE

A new member to the association is Miss Barbara Blynn, 217 West Emma, Springdale, Arkansas. She has won several state essay contests. If you want to correspond with a grand person, drop her a line....I might add that any other new member would appreciate receiving a letter from you. You may not realize how much a letter helps a new member get started. Our president, Bill Haywood is doing a grand job of welcoming members, but he can't do it alone. Don't forget you were a new member once. Just a postcard will be a great help!

THE FORT SMITH AJAYER

FEBRUARY 1942

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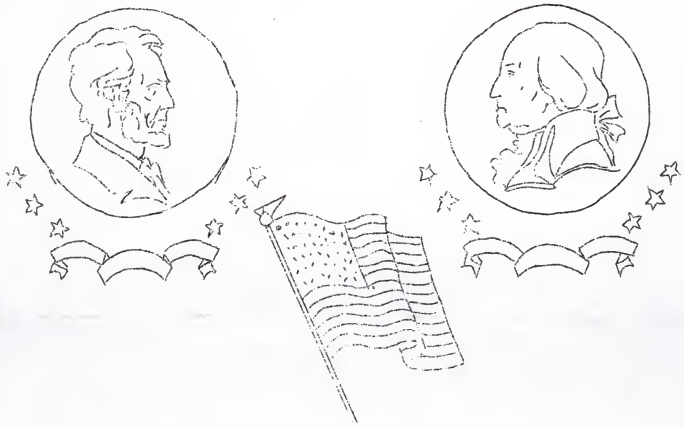

Into battle unfailing,
Not a man trailing,
Forward we shall march!

Behind us, Glory,
Before us, Victory,
Forward we shall march!
—Charles Lee Riddle

VOLUME ONE NUMBER FIVE

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945 GIFT

Forward March

The smallest hair casts a shadow, but a shadow bears witness of a LIGHT.

VOL. I MARCH, 1943 NO. 1

The New Race

Religion is of necessity a mystical experience. However no religion can become a dominant factor in the practical affairs of human life until it has resolved itself into a philosophy. This matter of a mystical religious experience resolving itself into a working philosophy can result only thru the personal experiences of the individual.

The world as it is today is composed of five root races; they are the white, black, brown, red and yellow races. Within these five root races there have developed many national identities; and these in turn have been the result by experience of the effort to reduce the mystical religious experiences of the individuals into a cohesive group.

Originally the wars between groups were wars between color, then they were wars between various groups within the color band, then wars occurred between combinations of different groups consisting of combinations of color.

Next, we find war as it is today--wars between combinations of color, race and groups cohering together around dominant ideologies. This is most revealing, for when we turn the light of philosophical truth upon the general subject we find our hope for the future, for the new race and for the fulfillment of the testimony of JESUS CHRIST.

A philosophy must consist of known factors (experience) plus an ideal higher than the working principle at work, plus the objective or purpose of philosophy.

The known factors are that mankind is biologically of one blood, and of cosmic necessity then, one family - the HUMAN FAMILY. This family, divided primarily by five color distinctions, finds itself increasingly frictional by virtue of the different physical necessities of the nationalistic groups and out of this friction arises the differences resulting in wars.

Wars primarily were localized, affecting but a small portion of any warring race or group. The occasion for wars increased as our intercommunications increased and the business of exercising authority over larger and larger numbers became apparent, until today we find ourselves engaged in a global war affecting all peoples, of all colors, all nationalities

(Continued on Page Three)

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Fort Smith Ajayer

OVERSEAS NUMBER

SECOND ANNIVERSARY

October - November - December 1943.

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THE LIBRARY OF #25
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SERIAL RECORD

In the 157th year of our Independency, comes to you the

Fort Smith Ajayer

✪ *Strictly American* ✪

VOLUME II JULY, 1941 No. 9

A LETTER TO HIS GAL

By Charles L. Riddle

WHEN at last the barracks had quieted down once more, he began again. "My darling," he read. Well, he had that much of the letter anyway. Picking up his pen, he wrote on. "It seems so long since I said goodbye to you at the station." A long time? Although it was only six months ago, it seemed a year at least. He could remember how she had tried to smile while there were tears in her eyes. She had blinked hard several times, not knowing tthat he was looking at her out of the corner of his eye.

He lit a cigarette and again turned to the letter he was writing. "Although I am far away in miles, my heart is there at home with you always. It has been hard being away from you so long, but I am living for the day when I will be once more with you."

(Continued on page three)

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After meeting some Eastern Ajays, we're back again with another

Fort Smith Ajayer

• Strictly American •

Volume II June-1943 Number 8

The Fort Smith Ajayer Goes Visiting:::

Prologue; The month of April was set aside for the *Ajayer's* good will tour and visiting month. Under a new schedule of two 62-hour liberties a month for the Ship's Company personel, we were able to visit the Ray A. Alberts in Blacksburg, the Russell L. Paxtons and Nelson S. Bonds in Roanoke, on the first liberty. This is the story of that visit. Next month we will tell of our visit on the second liberty to New York City.

Part I

Roanoke-Blacksburg

Three things stand out from this trip--bus rides at night, children, and dogs. The *Ajayer* left Camp Peary Tuesday night, and after visiting ajay friends in Richmond, left there at 11:30 p.m. The ride was uneventful

(Continued on Page 3)

327 #27 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Name Is The Same, But Gosh! It's A Different ...

Fort Smith Ajayer

• Strictly American •

May, 1943

If We Could Read Our Printer's Mind:::

By Charles Lee Riddle

"Here it is the 25th and his copy is just now arriving. 'I hope you can get this to the mailer in time for the next bundle,' he says. I hope so, too. Oh well, got to get to work. Hmmm, how in the world does he expect me to set up this copy in the haphazard way he writes it up? 'This should go on page 2, and this should go on the balance of page 3. Use small type on this and large heading on that.' Wish he'd order a type style book so he would know what to specify. 'You've always given me the best of service and I know you do it again.' Well, I should...I've had to stay up late at nights trying to read his copy. Oh well, might as well do it and get it over with. The quicker, the better."

And so, another issue of the *Ajayer* is born!

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AAPA-Eight Years Old This Month

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
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FOUR FREEDOMS

A Complete Magazine

MEMBER AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

1936 September 1944

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

FOUR FREEDOMS

MAGAZINE

Member American Amateur Press Association

THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION — ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1941

It Is YOUR Magazine

★

April 1944

★

FEW OF THE present readers of **Four Freedoms** will remember its first issue in October, 1941 and its subsequent issues as a 16-page bi-monthly catering to the mail order trade, well illustrated and well stocked with advertising.

WHEN ITS two founders went off to the Army and Marines **Four Freedoms** shared the fate of many other small publications interrupted by the war.

NOW THAT the publishers are back in civilian clothes **Four Freedoms** reappears, if in a somewhat abridged form, as a member publication of the American Amateur Press Association.

IT IS OUR hope to maintain the same standards that made **Four Freedoms** so popular before. Many of the features that contributed to that popularity, including the Four Freedoms Poll, Pegs To Hang Your Thoughts On, the Four Freedoms Chest of Verse, interesting short stories and lively editorials, will be retained and developed.

FOUR FREEDOMS is YOUR magazine. We hope you will like it.

—THE PUBLISHERS

The FORT SMITH AJAYER

APRIL 1944

PASSING THE BUCK!

The editor is passing the buck in this issue to every GI in this tremendous Army and Navy we now possess. It's about something every man and woman should know. Nothing new, but a very important thought that too many of us overlook.

Who is going to write the peace that follows this war?? Who will dictate to the representatives of the people that will be done to insure the worldagainst another conflagration in the near future? Who will be the most powerful force in directing the future of this great America?

It will be Y O U! Yes, you who are reading this paper at this very moment and not the persons next door! The ten million service men and women who are fighting this war and willhave it in their power to make this a better worldin which to live than it has ever before.

Too many of us don't read the papers, the

(Cont. on page 7)

A V-12 O.I.—

The AJAYER certainly has moved about--from Arkansas, to Virginia, to California, and then to Hawaii, eventually winding up in Colorado.

And so, now, I'm a college boy once more. But it's a far cry from the days when I attended college as a civilian student. However, we have almost the same status as the civilian boys at college for a few minor exceptions, minor in number, but large in stature.

For one thing, we arise at 0545 and then march a mile, "Just to work up an appetite," so says the Chief. Another one, we march to every meal in rigid formation. It is easy to rate a demerit-the list of reasons for getting demerits fills four pages!

It's rather hard to settle down to the difficult routine of studying hard and preparing lessons, especially after absence of three years from any kind of college work. Lights in the dorms burn up to the wee hours of the night before the weary trainee is satisfied with his work. Me? I'm never satisfied, but when I get sleepy, off to bed I go.

The AJAYER will continue to be published as often as I have the finances and time. For the time being, I have reverted to my old love which as you all know is the mimeograph. It is only fitting as the first AJAYER was issued this way.

In this issue

EARL CORNWALL of Los Angeles brings a selection entitled "Cobblestones."

CHRIS CARTER solves another of those short mysteries of Charles Fargis.

THE FORT SMITH AJAYER
SPECIAL ISSUE HAWAII FEBRUARY 1944

#31

RIDDLE TO RETURN

THE FORT SMITH AJAYER is published very occasionally. This is aa special issue sent out to give the news to all of my friends. If you receive this as an answer to your last letter to me, please consider it as such. It would be impossible for me to answer all of my letters in the very short time that I have left here. Please write again, this time to my home address, POTEAU, OKLAHOMA. By the time you receive this, I will more than likely be on my way.

OF INTEREST TO THE A. A. P. A.

Joe Curran, who is my co-editor on THE BLUEJACKET has been heard from again. When the war is over, he will be able to tell us some mighty fascinating tales. He sent copy for the next issue of BJ, and just as soon as I get settled, we will have another issue out. Future issues will be forthcoming more regularly in the future, as I will have a permanent address for quite a while.

Charles Lee Riddle

RECEIVES APPOINTMENT IN V-12 PROGRAM

HAWAII, 8 Jan.--It was officially confirmed today that AAPA Treasurer Charles L. Riddle will be returning to the states before very long.

He will report in the latter part of Febrary to NTS San Diego, California, for assignment to a college for the Navy's V-12 program, to begin training not later than March 1st.

Yeoman Riddle entered the Seabee service on active duty, January 27th, 1943, reporting to NCTC Camp Peary, Virginia. While in boot training there, he was stricken and had to be rushed to the Naval hospital for an operation.

Returning to duty at Peary, he was assigned to the Chaplain's Office, Ship's Company, and there remained until he transferred to the 90th USN Const. Bn., continuing to work as a Chaplain's yeoman.

A few months later, he arrived at his present location, and when V-12 quotas were assigned, began to enter into the trials. He passed his physical test, the General Classification Test, (and made a grade of 90%, two points below the record), and a board of battalion officers.

He has chosen the Supply Corps as his line of duty and has indicated as his choice of colleges Arkansas A & M College, at Monticello, Ark. The course that he will take, will eventually lead to a commission as an Ensign in the United States Navy. It is expectedthat the course will take at least two years to finish.

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THE FORRER LEAF CLOVER

SUMMER
1944

#33

THE FORRER LEAF CLOVER

FALL

19 44

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The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

VOL. XLII | NEWTONVILLE, MASS., JANUARY, 1945 | Whole Number 105

THE STATE OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Despite conditions of war, amateur journalism is in surprisingly healthy state. Comparative records reveal that more papers were published during 1943-4 than since 1905, according to the historian of the National.

Three nation-wide organizations of active amateur journalists exist. The National Amateur Press Association, organized in 1876, is, of course, the oldest. At present it has a membership in excess of 300. Its 1944 convention at Boston elected Miss Willametta Turnepseed, 202 Roseland East, Springfield, Ohio, president; Alfred P. Babcock, secretary-treasurer; Burton Crane, official editor. In 1945 it will hold its convention at Cleveland, Ohio.

The United Amateur Press Association, dating from 1895, has suspended annual meetings for the duration. It, too, has a membership in excess of 300. By a mail election in which 164 members participated last July it chose as president C. Benjamin Morgan, 427 N. Main Street, Norwich, Conn.; secretary-treasurer, Roy Erford, 815 Lowman Bldg., Seattle 4, Washington; official editor, Maurice E. White, P. O. Box 1839, Chicago, Ill. If a convention is held in 1945 it will occur at Chicago.

The American Amateur Press Association, organized in 1936, has constantly proclaimed itself "the most progressive of all amateur press associations." Of its membership approximating 225, over 50 are in the Armed Forces. Its recent mail election put into office as executive Ed Wall, 954 N. W. 75th Street, Miami 38, Fla.; secretary, Floyd Ackerman, P. O. Box 248, Wyckoff, N. J.; and official editor, O/C Sheldon C. Wesson, 912 Second Avenue, Columbus, Ga.

There are also three organizations of alumni. The Alumni Association of Amateur Journalism, organized in 1930, has Louis Charles Wills as honorary president and Nita Gerner Smith as secretary. Originally devised to bring together alumni of later vintage than might be poured into Fossil bottles, it at one time attained a membership of nearly 300; but the later thirties saw a sharp falling off until in 1940 it had a mere fifty on its roll. An organization to which the late Hadley Smith devoted much effort, it is still being kept alive by Mrs. Smith. The lowering of the requirement for membership in The Fossils to 30 years and now to 15 has narrowly restricted the field of the Alumni Association, for, in the words of Mr. Wills, it is not intended to compete with The Fossils, but to afford those who have passed beyond the active period but not yet attained eligibility in The Fossils opportunity to retain passive association with amateur journalism. Its members receive annual subscription to the *National Amateur*, but their names are not published on the rolls of any association.

Since the United Amateur Press Association of America had failed to bring together its alumni in any adequate fashion, several of its earliest members, headed by Charles W. Heins, established in 1941 the United Amateur Press Alumni Association. Its latest list records the acceptance of a total of 188 applicants for membership; it has been highly successful in recalling to amateur journalism many whose names were written brightly on the records twenty or thirty years ago but who later dropped out of sight. B. Franklin Moss is president; Russell L. Paxton, P. O. Box 1176, Roanoke, Virginia, is secretary; and Charles W. Heins publishes the quarterly official organ, the *Phoenix*.

As is the case with the Alumni Association, the United Alumni does not contemplate competing with The Fossils as the alumni body of amateur journalism as a whole. Several of its leaders are themselves Fossils and have urged eligibles among the United Alumni to associate with the more widely representative body. They have expressed it as the especial function of the United Alumni to bring together those whose period of activity is over, yet who wish to retain their contact with organized amateur journalism until eligible for The Fossils, or, again, to give similar service to those whose sole interest is in retaining contact with their friends of other days in the parent organization.

The Fossils, of course, is pre-eminently fitted to bring together in fraternal association the alumni of *all* amateur press associations, and that is its avowed present purpose. Organized in 1904, it is entering into its fifth decade with broadened horizons. Now any person whose initial activity in printing, writing for, or editing an amateur journal occurred fifteen or more years prior to the time of application is eligible to membership. With a present membership of 150, whose early activity dates from the 1870s to 1930, it is the most representative body of alumni. Its officers are to be found on the editorial page. It invites all amateur journalists interested in retaining their affiliation with the hobby of their earlier days in purely fraternal, non-political fashion to become members.

(If not given above, addresses of officers in the foregoing article may be found in the membership list of The Fossils on the last page of this issue.)

Fossil Burton Crane has received a Service appointment in the Pacific and is on leave from the New York *Times*. Edna Hyde McDonald will complete his editorship of the *National Amateur*.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

FORWARD MARCH

The smallest hair casts a shadow, but a shadow bears witness of a LIGHT.

Vol. 3 Tucson, Arizona Number 4

Forward March is an amateur journal, published occasionally and devoted to the betterment of human relationships.

Headquarters for sunshine and health and fellowship.

This issue is to be known as the ODDS AND ENDS NUMBER. The editorial will be pertinent to something or other. There will be "QUOTES" and theftings, the usual potpouri of nonsense all of which we hope will entertain and possibly edify those who pause to read. DBH.

☆ ☆ ☆

BOVINUS OPTIMUS
(about cows)

Along in 1933 my father, a sprightly youth of 93 summers and winters, read an advertisement of a Boston milk dealer who said his milk was a "cure and preventative" of "rickets in children". It stated that a certain doctor fed it to 100 infants and, strange to relate, NOT ONE OF THEM DIED OF THE RICKETS. This hit my dad's funny bone right on the beam and he wrote the following poetic adumbration. QUOTE.

Oh! wonderful science, tell us how
To install a laboratory in a cow,
By feeding her yeast and violet ray
With a stated amount of grass and hay;
She then produces as you will see,
This wonderful "Certified Vitamin D".

This medical "Richety" rackety scheme
No doubt will prove a success—
For fakirs are busy, and suckers are easy,
And their numbers never grow less.

Testimonials are in order now,
So the public may hear and see
The wonderful cures performed each day
By this "Mythical, mystical Vitamin D".

Puck sure was right when he affirmed:
"What fools these mortals be!"
Who can swallow a laboratory cow
And this bunk about "Vitamin D"?

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OCT 18 1946
COLLECTION

The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLIV, No. 2 | BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1946 | Whole Number 112

The Professional Juveniles Are No More

So far as known the American professional juvenile magazines and weeklies begun in the early half of the last century came to full flower in the Seventies and Eighties, thereafter to disappear as from a blight, in the first part of the present century.

There assuredly was a reason for their sudden disappearance, and someone may be able to ferret it out. The visible reason, of course, was that they ceased to pay. But *why* had they ceased to pay? And why have failed to reappear? That is the puzzle.

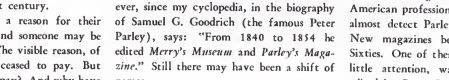
The fact remains that while they lasted they were of immense importance to amateur journalism, as I hope to show. When the writer of these lines was approaching his teens, an elderly friend of the family, who had hoarded it for years, made him a present of a small bound volume of, I think, *Peter Parley's Magazine*. Or, was it the early *Merry's Museum*? I dunno; the real title has escaped my memory. Suffice it to say, however, that the book was lost in our early family movings.

Quite some years later, when I had acquired the habit of loitering in second-hand book stores and Salvation Army rummage shops, looking for Optic, Castleman and other like volumes, I also began to acquire juvenile magazines of early vintage, the oldest of which were several *Merry's Museums*. The earliest of these in my possession at the present time bears the date of 1859, Volume 38. Counting two volumes to a year, this would indicate that that magazine began publication as early as 1840. Since its title in the Sixties read: *Merry's Museum, Parley's Magazine, Woodworth's Cabinet*, and *The Schoolfellow*, I thought it possible that the *Museum* might have begun later than the Forties, but had taken over the *Parley's* volume numbering. Not so, however, since my cyclopedia, in the biography of Samuel G. Goodrich (the famous Peter Parley), says: "From 1840 to 1854 he edited *Merry's Museum* and *Parley's Magazine*." Still there may have been a shift of names.

One of my finds in the second-hand book shops was a set of seventeen yearly bound volumes of the *Merry's Museums*—yet not bulky ones, as the average year's pages ran to less than 200. They were bound alike and on the front fly-leaf was the name of Willie R. Allen, Milwaukee. Tracing him down was not easy, but I did find his name written in one of the Optic books, with a Van Buren street address, showing that he belonged to the wealthy big Wisconsin Leather Company family. Then years and years later, in the directory of 1911, his name is given as company superintendent and there the record stops. He would be about 97 years of age if still alive.

Collecting old juvenile magazines and books will grow on one if a person is not careful, and my collection—that I now hardly know what to do with—runs in the stories alone to well over the 100 mark.

I have felt that Peter Parley was pretty much the originator or inspirer of the American professional juveniles, for we can almost detect Parleyism all down the line. New magazines began to appear in the Sixties. One of these, although it attracted little attention, was *The Little Pilgrim*, edited by Grace Greenwood, with a Lippencot as publisher. Then came the big ones: *Our Young Folks*, edited by J. T. Trowbridge (1864), and the renowned *Oliver Optic's Magazine, Our Boys and Girls* (1867). Following the Civil War there was *The Little Corporal*, published in Chicago and edited by Emily Huntington Miller of Evanston, whose attacks on Oliver Optic (William T. Adams) are remembered to her discredit.



(REDUCED ONE-HALF) A MILDER TYPE OF THE NEW YORK SENSATIONAL PRESS, OPPOSED BY N.A.P.A. IT CARRIED A WEEKLY AMATEUR JOURNALISM COLUMN.

Optic's ran well down into the Seventies (to 1875), while *Our Young Folks* was reissued in '73 as the *St. Nicholas* magazine, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. Then came *Wide Awake*, edited by Ella Farman, and *The Riverside, Leslie's Boys* and *Girls Weekly*, the notable *Youth's Companion, Golden Days, Harper's Young People* and the *Harper's Round Table, Golden Argosy*—and a flood of sensational youth's weeklies, on cheap paper, mostly from New York City: *The Boys of New York*, Harrigan and Hart's *New York Boys*, and others. The latter was rather better than the rest; which I would probably say anyway, being an admirer of the versatile Ned Harrigan and the

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The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLIII, No. 3 NEWTONVILLE, MASS., JANUARY, 1946 Whole Number 10

The New York Public Library and Its Amateur Collection

In the days of the always-to-be-remembered boy editors such as Charles H. Young (the first president of The Fossils), James M. Beck, Charles C. Heuman, Frank Martin, John F. Walsh, Jr., Crosby, Kempner, Schofield, Will K. Graff, Gustave Weinberg, Joe Miller (the Single-Taxer), and all the other New Yorkers and near-New Yorkers, the beautiful New York Public Library building was not yet conceived. On its destined location stood the impressive Egyptian-walled reservoir. The site was a part of the "Common Lands" granted by a royal charter of James II in 1686, as witness the inscription near the door of the Central Circulating Library.

The present New York Public Library grew out of a consolidation of three notable libraries: 1. The John Jacob Astor Reference Library "for the advancement of useful knowledge" with its 266,147 volumes and the gift from his son and grandsons of $1,700,000. At consolidation it had an endowment fund of $941,000. Washington Irving was its first president. 2. The James Lenox Collection of very valuable books and art treasures on History and the Fine Arts. At the time of consolidation the Lenox Foundation owned its building at Fifth Avenue and 70th Street and had 86,000 volumes and an endowment fund of $505,000. 3. The Samuel Jones Tilden endowment of $2,000,000 to serve the interests of science and popular education. Then followed, year after year, gifts of money, of books, of paintings, and of other treasures. John Stewart Kennedy, the former president of Lenox Library, bequeathed about $3,000,000. Andrew Carnegie gave during his lifetime $5,200,000 for the construction and equipment of thirty-seven Branch Circulating Libraries in Greater New York.

Conveniently located on Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, the Library is a noble structure that should not be passed by hurriedly. It was designed by Carrère and Hastings, and it has all the charm and invitation spirit of the Louis XVI Renaissance. Its Vermont marble has had a recent scrubbing (I believe that the architects would have preferred the natural time-toning) but the design of the building and the setting will be together a joy forever.

The public has become very fond of the two lions on either side of the Fifth Avenue approach. They are the work of Mr. C. C. Potter, the sculptor chosen by St. Gaudens. The architectural balance and dignity of the Library approach and for the ensemble required the heroic size, and the lions are as natural as is suitable for figures in their position and so large. Above the fountains on either side of the main entrance are the compositions by Frederick MacMonnies. At the left side the woman seated on Pegasus represents Beauty. Above is the inscription [from Whittier's *The Shadow and the Light*]:

BEAUTY
OLD YET EVER NEW
ETERNAL VOICE
AND INWARD WORD

In the panel on the right above the figure of Truth, a man on the Sphinx, is the inscription [from the *Apocrypha*]:

BUT ABOVE ALL THINGS
TRUTH
BEARETH AWAY
THE VICTORY

The groups in the pediments are by Georg Gray Barnard. That to the south represent Art; to the north, History. Above the mai entrance are the six figures by Paul Bartlett Philosophy, Romance, Religion, Poetry Drama, and History.

The Library contains books on ever available subject and in every language. I includes the Richard Randolph Ferry Co lection of 1,200 or more books for the blin and a library developed by Clara Williams o over 6,000 musical scores for the blind. I the Reserved Book Room (303) you ma by permission now see the *Bible* printed b Gutenberg and Faust about 1455, which, a all Fossils know, was the earliest printe from movable type. There is also Tyndale' *Pentateuch*, 1530, the first translation fror the original Hebrew into English. Th Cloverdale *Bible* of 1535 is there and so i Eliot's Indian *Bible*, the First Folio o Shakespeare, 1623, and the Bay *Psalm Book* 1640, the first book printed in the Englis colonies. The Stewart Gallery (Room 316 contains portraits by Copley, Raeburn, an Reynolds and portraits of Washington b Stuart. The Manuscript Division (Roor 319) will show you the original of Wash ington's *Farewell Address* and a copy of th *Declaration of Independence* in Jefferson' handwriting. These are but a few of th treasures of the Library which so well house also one of the largest collections of amateu papers in the world.

X-PN 4827

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The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN·OF·THE·AMATEUR·JOURNALISTS·OF·THE·PAST.

Vol. XLV, No. 2 BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1947 Whole Number 116

Our Officers Report An Era of Activity

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Fellow Fossils:

The five months of this administration has seen most encouraging progress. As the report of the Secretary attests, the effort to win new members—the foremost aim of the year—has been markedly successful. Heartening as the achievement is, I hope to see many more added to the rolls before the next Reunion. To each and every amateur journalist who has joined, I extend hearty welome. The Fossils is proud to add such names to its membership. And I urge every eligible amateur journalist to join The Fossils, to renew old acquaintance and to share in our activities.

With deepest regret do I record the death of Fossil Alfred V. Fingulin on August 6. I had visited him in July and he had assured me of his eagerness to aid the administration. The organization loses one of its friendliest members in him. With sorrow, too, I extend to our good Buffalo member, Dr. Henry J. Mulford, the sympathy of The Fossils in the untimely loss of his wife early in September. It is fitting, also, that The Fossils extend sympathy to the family of the late Roy Erford of Seattle, long one of the leading figures in amateur journalism in directing the affairs of the United Amateur Press Association of America. Though he was not a member of The Fossils, we recognize the extraordinary influence he has had upon the course of amateur history in this century.

It has been my great pleasure during the summer to meet many of our members and personally to convey to them assurance of the interest that The Fossils has in them. In the course of the year I look forward to greeting many more. The gracious welcome uniformly extended to me has been most gratifying. I was fortunate in being able personally to extend the greetings of The Fossils to the convention of the National Amateur Press Association at Detroit and to have Secretary McDonald do so to the conventions of the United Amateur Press Association and the United Amateur Press Alumni at Jersey City.

A major problem long confronting us has been to afford the great number of our members unable to attend the Reunion in New York the opportunity for fellowship. Local chapters are one solution. The marked success of the Los Angeles chapter organized a year ago has stimulated the Fossils of the San Francisco Bay area to project a similar association. A meeting to plan such a chapter took place on September 21 at the home of Fossil F. F. Thomas at Diablo, California. It would be fruitful for Fossils in other sections to take example from those on the West Coast. The formation of chapters wherever a few Fossils are able to come together occasionally would develop friendship and further the interests of The Fossils as a whole.

Several members, all unfavorably, have communicated with me concerning the open letter recently addressed to The Fossils by Mr. Wheeler Dryden, calling upon the organization to alter its name. When any *member* of our organization desires to effect a change in the name under which we have successfully gone forward for nearly fifty years, he has the right to propose such alteration for consideration at the annual Reunion. Thus far no member has undertaken that step. In no other way may the matter be considered. There the situation rests.

The numerous offers of cooperation and of assistance which have come to me from members outside the official board have been most encouraging. Every officer elected and appointed is making commendable effort to serve the interests of the organization, but upon the willingness of the great body of members to assist depends the success both of the administration and of the organization itself. I would say to every member, as I said to Fossil George Hough when he asked what he could do to help: First, pay your dues; second, interest others to join the association; third, write an article about the days of your activity for publication in *The Fossil* or *Interlude*. Do those three things and The Fossils will flourish.

EDWARD H. COLE

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Fourteen new members have joined THE FOSSILS since my last report. They are: Nev Campbell, William F. Haywood, Harry E. Martin, Isadore Moidel, Otto P. Knack, Dora H. Moitoret, Eunice M. Fontenot, Isaac D. Magnes, Raymond J. Jeffreys, Sesta T. Matheison, Harry T. Cook, A. F. Meserve, Samuel Loveman, and Harry M. Konwiser. Many of these names are familiar in the circles of amateur journalism and we are glad to have them associated with The Fossils. Harry Martin, Otto Knack, Samuel Loveman and Harry Konwiser are outstanding recruits, for we have labored long to land them.

The total of new members for the year is now 20. The Membership Committee has a long list of eligibles which it is working on diligently, we hope. Our goal is 50 new members this year and with only six months more to work in we will have to bestir ourselves to reach that goal. Hyman Brodofsky, Helm Spink, and President Cole have so far exerted the most influence in obtaining new members; but let us all search out at least one old-timer and bring him in. There is nothing else that we know of, certainly nothing as satisfactory, that you can purchase for eight cents a week these days than

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The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN·OF·THE·AMATEUR·JOURNALISTS·OF·THE·PAST.

Vol. XLV, No. 1 BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK, JULY, 1947 Whole Number 115

Plans for a Greater Fossils Organization

Fellow Fossils:

Among my clearest recollections of forty years ago is Will Murphy's assuring me that I never could be a member of The Fossils—I hadn't been an active amateur journalist before I had been born. Other clear—and dear—memories are of attending several Fossil Reunions a few years later. I have never forgotten—never can I forget—the genialty of the host of Fossils I met on those occasions, when Reunions brought together sixty to a hundred members. These men had a genuine interest in every young amateur journalist. The tales of their early days were magnificent and thrilling. They revelled in their annual gathering and paid lavish tribute to the friends of their youth and to the influence that their experience as amateur editors and publishers had had in making their lives richly successful. These things gave me an insight into the imperishable values of our institution. As Truman Spencer says in his *History*: "Amateur journalism forms a unique phase in the history of American youth. It is not greatly known to the general public; its numbers are relatively few in comparison with the millions of people in the nation. Yet from its ranks have come professional journalists, editors, authors, publishers, scientists, inventors, governors, senators, judges, ambassadors, lawyers, bankers, clergymen, educators, and men and women in almost every walk of life. And all these, in after years, have felt the influence of their experience in amateur journalism." How difficult it is to understand the person who, having truly participated in amateur activities, does not gladly pay tribute to its influence upon his life and join hands with his fellows in perpetuating the friendships of his happiest days and furthering the welfare of the institution! To these ends The Fossils are dedicated.

Fossils of forty years ago are, alas! rapidly leaving us. New generations of amateur journalists must take up their work. So it is that the presidency of this unique organization, rich in tradition, has fallen to my hands. I hope to pass on to my successor an organization even stronger and more prosperous. To that end I pledge my every effort.

To my predecessor, Louis Charles Wills, I wish, first of all, to express my thanks publicly, as I did at the Reunion. The Fossils prospered under his leadership. New energy came into its activities in consequence of his labors. His generosity enabled The Fossils to bring to completion the task of putting Spencer's *History of Amateur Journalism* into permanent form. In a host of ways known but to a few he contributed to the welfare of the organization and gave it vitality. All Fossils should be grateful to him for his glad sacrifice of time—few men are so constantly occupied with affairs—in our behalf.

Two goals are the objectives of this administration.

First, we must enlarge our membership and build for the future. Amateur journalism has need of an alumni association, international in scope, to bring together fraternally those whose interest has proved enduring. As a working body they can do much to enhance their own enjoyment and to further the welfare of all amateur journalism. And as a group they can find a congeniality and a fellowship not readily possible in other associations. A few years ago Tim Thrift declared it time to realize that amateur journalism is an adult activity. Time proved to him and to others who acclaimed his views that an adult activity is possible only among those who have grown up in experience and who appreciate what amateur journalism really is. The Fossils can supply those conditions. Already good progress has been made in a recruiting campaign. To the Membership Committee I have appointed our three vice-presidents, George A. Thomson, Edward F. Daas, and Hyman Bradofsky, and joined with them Helm Spink and Edgar M. Hayes. Mrs. McDonald is, by virtue of her position as secretary, chairman of this committee. From members of this group I have had pledges of full hearted cooperation, and already they have gone to work energetically. I am confident of their success.

Second, we must broaden the privileges of membership. This matter has been under discussion for several years. Reunions have considered suggestions. Official editors have made proposals. There is considerable agreement that changes in our By-Laws can make membership more attractive than at present through extending to the full body of Fossils a share in electing our officers and determining our laws. To explore the possibilities in this direction the Reunion authorized appointment of a committee which shall report to the next meeting such changes in our By-Laws as seem advisable. Accordingly, I have named Louis C. Wills, chairman, Charles W. Heins, Lewis Stevens, and Albert E. Barnard.

No group of officers and committees alone can achieve success. They need the advice and the co-operation of the full membership. Recruiting must not be left to a few. Every present Fossil knows of one or more former amateurs who should be in our ranks. Corral them. Application blanks are in abundance. Any one of the Membership Committee will gladly furnish them. If you feel too busy to do the job, at least write the name and address of the prospect on a post card and send it to the secretary. And if you are conscious of any improvement that might be made in our By-Laws, pass it on to the committee.

EDWARD H. COLE,
President

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Vol. XLIV, No. 4 | BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK, APRIL, 1947 | Whole Number 114

Honoring the Days of Auld Lang Syne

FROM PRESIDENT WILLS

This marks the last time I shall have occasion to address the membership of The Fossils through these columns as president.

My election came to me last year *in absentia* and, while I was reluctant to accept because of the many other demands on my time, I finally agreed to serve rather than cause any confusion in the selection of another after the meeting had disbanded. In addition to giving all necessary matters attention, I have endeavored to arouse interest among our membership and extend knowledge of our fraternity. While on a hasty trip to California last September, I was royally received by a group of amateurs — past and present — which, to me, was one of the high spots of the year. I know nothing more stimulating than a meeting with other amateur journalists. If one has lost contact for a while, it is a veritable "shot in the arm."

Our hope to see *The History of Amateur Journalism* put into book form during the year did not materialize for the reason that the manuscript could not be properly revised and edited at this time. However, in order that the 486 typewritten pages, which were painstakingly composed after years of arduous labor by the late Truman J. Spencer, might not be lost, six clean copies, with some editing by Edward H. Cole, have been carefully typed and tastefully bound with an appropriate printed title page, and these will be deposited in several public libraries to make them available and secure until some one is able to undertake the final task of revision. At least, we shall know that more than one copy is available and where these can be seen and read by anyone interested.

Editor Barnard, in an editorial in this issue presents an interesting suggestion which deserves serious consideration. The idea of regional meetings in various parts of the country is very worth while. Former active amateurs would enjoy these occasions beyond measure if they once had the experience. I am sure this is something we will want to discuss at our April meeting though it would be fortunate indeed if some groups — no matter how small for a beginning — could meet on April 26th in some convenient central city. Los Angeles is making plans for the California area and we shall be delighted to know of others.

The annual re-union in New York will be held on Saturday, April 26th, at the Hotel Astor, and, as customary, shall gather from 4 P.M. on with the banquet in the evening.

1947 REUNION — APRIL 26

HOTEL ASTOR

New York City

Plan NOW To Attend

Old and young are welcome at these gatherings and we hope for a large attendance.

Through the year I have exchanged considerable correspondence with amateur journalists, past and present, and have made many new friends and renewed many old friendships. It has all been very pleasant.

I am thoroughly convinced that The Fossils provides the best means for former amateur journalists to keep their youthful contacts and, with advancing years; this is something really worthwhile.

I mean to thank personally all those present at the re-union for their helpful co-operation through the year, but for those whom I may not then see, let this message express my sincere gratitude and appreciation.

LOUIS C. WILLS

ANNUAL FEAST DAY

The 44th annual reunion and dinner of The Fossils will be held at the Hotel Astor, Broadway and 44th Street, New York, on Saturday, April 26th, from 4 o'clock through dinner at 6:30.

At approximately the same time Fossils in Los Angeles will be holding their first annual reunion and, unless plans bog in the meantime, another group will meet in San Francisco. These are the doings of Gil Cowan, and I wish Gil were quintuplets.

Then, there is reason to hope we can promote a gathering simultaneously in Grand Rapids or Chicago. An Ambassador-of-Good Will, one William H. Groveman, (only 21 as yet and so out of our clutches) has been rounding up amateur journalists all over the Mid-West. He has a genius for unearthing them. He used the recent war, and practically all his leaves from the front lines, to stimulate British amateur journalism. He has already inspired two meetings in Chicago and plans a third in Grand Rapids very soon. Out of this third meeting we hope to inaugurate another Fossils' reunion. We are working diligently to effect communication among these groups but, our economics being what they are, that may end up in nothing more exciting than an exchange of telegrams. But wait and see!

It is pleasant to look forward to these gatherings. They come but once a year, just about the time crocuses have decided gardens cannot do without them and robins are kalonking approval from perches where you least expect them. It is spring and even The Fossils feel limber-in-limb, the old sap running through them. I always wish, at this crucial time, that the country were not three thousands miles wide, for it would delight me beyond my normal capacity to have all Fossils concentrated in a single spot on their

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The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLIV, No. 3 BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1947 Whole Number 11

"Tryout" Smith, Our Honorary Fossil

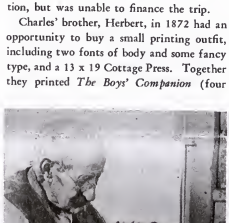
Amateur journalism can point with great pride to the fact that it has interested a man, now 94, for 74 years. Is there another hobby with such a devotion?

At one period in his life Charles W. Smith did not own a press, but on Edith Miniter's insistence that he print a memorial to Susan B. Robbins he invested in a printing outfit, this time a Pilot. Printing this memorial, with his fingers again in a type case and his hand on a press lever, brought back the urge and satisfaction which our printers through the years have conveyed to us so many times. But his eyes were bothering him and he was uncertain how they would stand the strain of setting type. After mulling over it for some time he decided to give his eyes a tryout anyhow and if he issued a paper to call it *Tryout*. That is how his famous paper was born—the first number December, 1914. It was the suggestion of the late Howard Lovecraft that he call himself "Tryout" and he has signed himself that way ever since, but, modestly, is surprised that the name and the paper have become so famous. He has received letters addressed to Tryout Smith, Charles Tryout Smith, and other combinations.

Smith was born in Haverhill, Mass., October 24, 1852. As a youth of 14 to 17 he enjoyed playing billiards and was a member of the Penny Ante Club. One night, when he was absent, the police raided the club. Looking elsewhere for amusement, he became fascinated watching a friend set type, and the desire arose to print too. He purchased a little press, and as evenings were the only time he could devote to this new acquisition, he left his gang to print visiting cards and small jobs for friends, but never considered he was in business. It has always remained a hobby.

His first knowledge of a. j. came when, on a visit to New Hampshire, he was shown a paper, *Wingate's Boys' Gem*, and heard it was printed by a boy. He was greatly interested and, learning more about the hobby, planned to go with Wingate to Boston to organize the Eastern Amateur Press Association, but was unable to finance the trip.

Charles' brother, Herbert, in 1872 had an opportunity to buy a small printing outfit, including two fonts of body and some fancy type, and a 13 x 19 Cottage Press. Together they printed *The Boys' Companion* (four



"TRYOUT" SMITH AT THE CASE AT THE AGE OF NINETY

numbers), *Jolly Joker, Pick Me Up*, and *Nonpareil*. One of his activities was to obtain stories from Richard Gerner (one of the founders of the National) and print them as booklets, but he sold Gerner's best-known melodrama, "Born to be Hung", to Almon Pitts of Akron, Ohio, who printed it in 1874. During that period most of the amateurs were printing for exchange, and postage on exchange cost nothing. When the post office raised the price to one cent a paper, *Boys' Companion* had to be suspended.

The printing equipment was stored awa but Charles' brother, Frank, became ill an was able to do only light work, so they di cussed getting out an advertising paper. Th idea did not particularly appeal to Charle as he wanted to do card-printing again, bu wishing to help Frank, in 1888 *The Monthl Visitor* was begun, issued by F. H. Smith Co. Profit for the first three months was $2 but in the fourth month Frank was too i to solicit advertisements and the projec would have ended then had it not been fc a. j. Charles had subscribed to various ama teur papers, and in order to fill out th *Monthly Visitor's* subscription list he cor tinued it as an amateur publication. He say proudly, "It was the first widely circulate amateur paper ever printed, 700 to 800 copie each issue." It has to its everlasting credi the recruiting of James F. and Nelson Mor ton, whose first contributions were printe in it.

Then he really became acquainted wit the amateurs and joined both the New Eng land and Massachusetts A. P. A. The office o Official Editor for one year in the latter asso ciation is the only one he has ever held Charlie Burger wrote him that he was eligibl to join the National Amateur Press Associa tion. Smith joined and has considered him self a "full-fledged amateur ever since."

Tryout Smith was educated in publi schools, but left at 13 to go to work in factory as a stock clerk. He gave that up for employment with a wooden-box manu facturing company, being gradually pro moted, and in 1897 bought the business. Hi marriage to Ida J. Boynton, a nurse, was t last only for seven years, as his wife died leaving him with two daughters. Hard work led to an attack of nervous prostration, and he retired in 1903. At the time his autobiography was published in *The Boys' Herald*

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"TRYOUT" SMITH AT THE CASE AT THE AGE OF NINETY

numbers), *Jolly Joker*, *Pick Me Up*, and *Nonpareil*. One of his activities was to obtain stories from Richard Gerner (one of the founders of the National) and print them as booklets, but he sold Gerner's best-known melodrama, "Born to be Hung", to Almon Pitts of Akron, Ohio, who printed it in 1874. During that period most of the amateurs were printing for exchange, and postage on exchange cost nothing. When the post office raised the price to one cent a paper, *Boys' Companion* had to be suspended.

The printing equipment was stored away but Charles' brother, Frank, became ill and was able to do only light work, so they discussed getting out an advertising paper. The idea did not particularly appeal to Charles as he wanted to do card-printing again, but wishing to help Frank, in 1888 *The Monthly Visitor* was begun, issued by F. H. Smith & Co. Profit for the first three months was $20 but in the fourth month Frank was too ill to solicit advertisements and the project would have ended then had it not been for a. j. Charles had subscribed to various amateur papers, and in order to fill out the *Monthly Visitor's* subscription list he continued it as an amateur publication. He says proudly, "It was the first widely circulated amateur paper ever printed, 700 to 800 copies each issue." It has to its everlasting credit the recruiting of James F. and Nelson Morton, whose first contributions were printed in it.

Then he really became acquainted with the amateurs and joined both the New England and Massachusetts A. P. A. The office of Official Editor for one year in the latter association is the only one he has ever held. Charlie Burger wrote him that he was eligible to join the National Amateur Press Association. Smith joined and has considered himself a "full-fledged amateur ever since."

Tryout Smith was educated in public schools, but left at 13 to go to work in a factory as a stock clerk. He gave that up for employment with a wooden-box manufacturing company, being gradually promoted, and in 1897 bought the business. His marriage to Ida J. Boynton, a nurse, was to last only for seven years, as his wife died leaving him with two daughters. Hard work led to an attack of nervous prostration, and he retired in 1903. At the time his autobiography was published in *The Boys' Herald*

X-PN 4827

#45

THE GREAT LAKES
COASTLINER

Vol. 1 JUNE « 1947 No. 3

Elaborate Plans Made To Entertain The National Convention

Polishing off the plans for the 72nd Annual N. A. P. A. Convention occupied the attention of the members at the President's Field meeting of the Great Lakes Press Club, Sunday, May 4.

A Canadian caucus in Windsor, a trip to Greenfield Village and an open house at the Smith's in Flat Rock headline the entertainment program.

Forum topics will be arranged with qualified conductors. An interesting convention replete with A. J. Fellowship is in store for all who attend the National gathering in Detroit, July 3-4-5-6, 1947, at Detroit-Leland Hotel.

WELCOME!

A-PN 4827

FORTY WINKS

Combined with Hoot Owl & The Tabloid

What Is Wanted In Ajay?

During the early part of 1947 we conducted a poll, the purpose of which was to attempt to find the answer to the question that heads this article.

As you may remember, comment cards were enclosed in an issue of HOOT OWL which was distributed through both the NAPA & AAPA bundles. We received 88 replies from the combined membership which was somewhere between 500 and 600!

These 88 members voiced their desires as listed below. In amateur papers they want articles on: **Ajay news & comment, 56 votes. Printing articles, 38. Fiction 26. Anything 13. Verse 7. Editorial 6. Humor 5 Fillers 2. Satire 2. World politics 1. Mimeographing 1 Non-fiction 1.**

We shall not attempt to theorize on the figures in any way, but merely submit them so that you may consider them in relation to your own publications. It is quite evident that our poll represents opinions which differ to a great extent. It would be useful for publishers to know much more about the tastes of their readers in other things as well as the things listed above. For instance, do readers prefer eight page papers of thumbnail size to a four pager of bigger page size, but same number of words? Do they

X-PW 4027

#47

FREE PRESS

Vol. I September, 1948 No. 1

World Cocktail

Mixed by Ye Ed

High Prices: the fault of ALL business people. Take most any example to find the reason for todays inflation. A manufacturer raises an item fifty cents because of raw material increases. But does the wholesaler buying direct from manufacturer, raise his price a half dollar? He does not! He works on a 2X mark-up so the retailer pays a dollar more. There's the spiral—the reason why we'll have another '29 in '51 unless—unless the President or Congress get the wholesaler and manufacturer to play ball. It can be !!.....

Be realistic: There are many clowns in Congress instead of serious—minded individuals who are willing and anxious to get down to business. The people must vote wisely but it is up to the President, Vice-President and Congressional Leaders to see to it that Congress works. Certainly if there was less hot air in Congress there would be more refreshing air for US. Lets find out why each of OUR Congressmen and Senators haven't done more!! But don't get me wrong—we do have some very good representatives.

Hot Tip: New York Giants vs Boston Red Sox—World Series.

X-PN 4827

#48

The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLV, No. 3 BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1948 Whole Number 117

The State of Amateur Journalism

By Edward H. Cole

At the close of 1947 it is the somewhat amazing fact that there are probably more than a thousand persons in various parts of the world who are affiliated with one or more amateur press associations. Since many belong to more than one organization and not all associations publish their list of members, exactitude is impossible, but the thousand mentioned is a conservative figure. The major number are in the United States, of course—probably seven or eight hundred: the National Amateur Press Association, 340; the United Amateur Press Associations, both branches, about 400; the American Amateur Press Association, 250; the United Alumni, 150; The Fossils, 165. If we allow for a forty percent duplication, we have well over 700 individuals. England has the next largest number; in the spring the British Amateur Press Association reported 290 members; it probably has over 300 now. The Amateur Printers' Association has approximately 200 members, many of them presumably also affiliated with the B. A. J. A. A fair estimate of the total would be 400 individuals. Otherwise amateur journalists are widely scattered: a few in South America; one in New Zealand; a handful in Australia; and three or four in Japan. All these, however, are members of one or more of the American associations; hence they do not swell the total.

In the United States the National leads in numbers, but since many of its members are old timers it probably does not represent the present generation any more fully than the American or the United. In fact, it still remains true that other associations are better recruiters and attract more new comers to amateur journalism, whereas the National attracts many after they have been members of other groups for several years. The administration headed by Mrs. Sesta Mathieson of Detroit, with Charles A. Shattuck of Brooklyn as official editor, has completed half its term with a minimum of activity and a considerable set-back from the break down of its mailing bureau, as a consequence of which many papers which have been published have not been distributed. The association has weathered another epidemic of sniping at the constitution, the perennial charge that there were irregularities in the counting of the proxies at the recent convention, and illegality in the selection of the 1948 convention seat. These matters the executive judges and the president have handled imperturbably: the proxies were not juggled; the convention seat was chosen in violation of Roberts' *Rules*, but the president has legally named the same city! The two issues of the *National Amateur* under Mr. Shattuck's editorship have appeared within the constitutionally appointed months of publication and have presented the members with not only the required official matter but a history of the association from 1900 to 1915 by Fossil Charles W. Heins, reviews of current publications by Fossil Rheinhart Kleiner, book reviews of Fossil Alfred Babcock's *The Talking Cat* and Winifred V. Shattuck's *The Pedlar of Colored Threads*, a volume of verse, and news of amateurs and amateur events. Mr. Shattuck proposes to continue the history to the present time in the final two issues. With the appointment of a new mailing manager and the resumption of the monthly distribution of papers it is likely that the final half year will prove more lively and active.

At its highly successful convention in Jersey City in September the United Amateur Press Association chose again Haig Anlian of Union City, N. J., as president and Meyer Perlgut of New Brunswick as official editor. The bundles of the association have appeared regularly, but at this time no issue of the *United Amateur* has reached this writer. Mr. Anlian and Mr. Perlgut, however, are both enthusiastic and reliable leaders who may be depended on to carry out their tasks faithfully.

It seems certain that the United Association headed by Mr. Anlian will grow in numbers and in strength, if for no other reason than that the faction known as the United Amateur Press Association of America has suffered virtually a mortal blow in the death of J. F. Roy Erford. What has been going on behind the scenes since his death is now becoming public knowledge: on both sides feelers have been put forth to bring about reunion. The Jersey City convention adopted a series of resolutions inviting reconciliation, and officials of the other faction have gone on record as favoring future cooperation. Whether the miracle of a united United is in prospect only time can tell, but unquestionably it is closer to reality than at any other time in the past thirty years.

Perhaps as significant a straw in the wind as any is the Winter, 1948, issue of Dr. Clyde F. Noel's *Comment*. Noel has been second only to Mr. Erford in shutting the "of America" United behind the iron curtain, keeping its members carefully secluded from the contagion of other associations, and sedulously circulating calumnious charges about other organizations. Yet *Comment* announces its editor as "Member of the Amateur Press," rather than as affiliated with the United Amateur Press Association of America, and its major editorial asserts, "If we are to continue amateur journalism we must take drastic action. First, let us belong to all the amateur press groups we can. . . As a member of all the groups we should begin to work for consolidation of all the groups. . . Every member can consider himself a booster and

APA 4622

#49

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The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLV, No. 4 BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK, APRIL, 1948 Whole Number 118

President Cole Cites Progress of Past Year

Fellow Fossils:

The time approaches for our annual Reunion. I look forward to greeting a large body of our members at the Hotel Astor on Saturday, April 24. The opportunity to foregather with companions who have shared our happiest experiences and to recapture for a few hours the elusive but precious spirit of yore has made our annual meeting an event not to be missed. This year the promise of having with us members from the Middle West and even from the Pacific Coast makes the Reunion even more than usually alluring. Furthermore, the meeting will be the only gathering in the East of any of the amateur journalists' organizations, and the amateurs of this section should welcome this opportunity to join with their fellows.

The present year may well mark a notable event in amateur journalism—the accomplishment of harmony among the active associations sadly lacking for nearly fifty years. This situation will be especially gratifying to The Fossils, whose members are alumni of all associations and who have come to the maturity enabling them to appreciate the real joy of amateur journalism fellowship. The petty bickering of earlier years has been both juvenile and unworthy of the institution. Let us hope that, just as graduates of the National and factions of the United and other associations have found delightful companionship in The Fossils, so the members of all active associations will devote themselves to the real business of amateur journalism — writing and publishing — and find worthier themes to discuss than feuds. Members of The Fossils, I am sure, will lend their influence to restore dignity and harmony to the institution.

This administration set out with two objectives: to increase the membership of The Fossils and to secure such changes in our governing laws as will make the organization more attractive. The first aim has been pushed consistently not only by your president but also by Secretary McDonald and the Membership Committee. Not for many years has so extensive and vigorous an effort been made. The result has been a good net gain in membership, even though it has not been so gratifying as had been anticipated. One hopeful consideration, moreover, is that an increasingly large number of amateur journalists made their debut as the thirties advanced. More who have not yet rounded out the fifteen years prerequisite to eligibility for the Fossils will do so within the next few years, and our organization may look forward to adding them to its rolls. No small measure of the interest stimulated by this year's Membership Committee will bring results in years to come. I thank Secretary McDonald and her associates for their commendable efforts, and I urge my successors to carry forward the campaign that this administration has pursued.

Elswhere in this issue of *The Fossil* may be found the amendments of the by-laws suggested by the committee headed by Mr. Wills for adoption by the forthComing Reunion. Although, fortunately, The Fossils is conspicuously free from politics and needs but a framework of government to carry on its affairs, it is desirable that its By-Laws adequately state its purposes and provide for its activities. In the past two or three years we have tried to develop local and regional groups affording members able to attend the annual Reunion opportunity to assemble simultaneously and share the spirit of comradeship experienced by those who gather in New York. By providing for affiliated chapters the proposals cover this need. A fuller statement of the purposes of The Fossils would seem desirable; this, too, is provided. The problem of providing broader participation in our affairs has proved troublesome, for no one acquainted with our Reunion desires to beset it with the troublesome business of proxies. It is felt that the aims of the organization can best be accomplished by reconstituting the Nominating Committee, appointing it before the Reunion and giving it opportunity to canvass the membership in making recommendations to the annual meeting. I urge the members to consider the proposed changes carefully and to take the opportunity to express their opinion on the post card that will be mailed with the invitations to the Reunion. Any further suggestion will especially be welcome so that the meeting may make all such desirable changes at this time.

Since my last message, we have suffered sad losses in our membership. Edward A. Oldham, who passed away on January 9, was one of the founding fathers of amateur journalism; moreover, he held The Fossils together and wisely guided its destinies through its most troubled years in the latter half of the thirties and the early forties. It is strikingly coincidental that our beloved Josephus Daniels, whom he interested in amateur journalism and later persuaded to become president of The Fossils, should have died within a week, on January 15. The loss of Fossil W. Paul Cook

1948 REUNION — APRIL 24

HOTEL ASTOR

New York City

Plan NOW To Attend

A-FIN 4827

The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLVI, No. 2 NEW YORK, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1948 Whole Number 120

Fraternizing With Fossils On The Pacific Coast

On Sunday, June 27th, I started for Los Angeles to attend the 73rd annual convention of The National Amateur Press Association. I had been to Los Angeles before and regard it as slightly less perfect than propaganda indicates, for New Yorkers (particularly the born variety) regard *their* city as acme and, despite the fact that no one "will take it if you gave it to him," more than eight million people consider it delightfully habitable. The same, in proportion, is true of Los Angeles.

A spirit of adventure, resolve to take everything in stride, are the requirements for enjoyment in travel. Furthermore, this time there was incentive. I would meet again many warm friends I had not seen in a decade and make new ones to be as warm and lasting. "Let them sell me Los Angeles," said I, "and I might be persuaded that it is just a couple millimeters this side of Heaven. I could do with such a place, the world being what it is."

The Empire State Express took me first to Cleveland where I spent a day and a half, chiefly for the purpose of sleeping in a comfortable bed in anticipation of two nights without any bed at all. Helm Spink met me on arrival and took me to dinner. On Monday, the Otto Knacks obliged, and I had a happy reunion with them but failed to induce them to join Spink and me on the safari to the convention.

On Tuesday Helm Spink and I joined F. Earl Bonnell and the three of us entrained for Chicago. Without such engaging companions that journey can be dull, but our train struck a car at a railroad crossing and wrapped it so neatly about the cowcatcher that twenty minutes were required to pry it loose. No one was hurt, fortunately, the driver of the car having had sense enough to get out before the crash. We had dinner in Chicago and with no Fossils to lure out of hiding in the vicinity (a situation which needs immediate remedy) we sauntered along the Lake Shore till time to board the Golden State Limited of the Southern Pacific Railroad for the City of the Angels.

Earl had a Pullman, he being of proportions unadaptable to reclining coaches. Helm and I took sporting chances on the flexibility of our backbones and travelled coach. It was not too bad, except that we were grateful for nature's ten-minute ultra-violet ray treatment in Yuma, Arizona, where the temperature at 120° took the kinks out of our columns.

We arrived at the Hotel Mayfair, Los Angeles, at about six o'clock on Thursday, July 1st, to be met by Wesley H. Porter and taken by him to dinner. From that moment on we realized that we had embarked upon an emotional experience it would be difficult to live down, if indeed we ever decided to do so.

The 73rd annual convention of The National Amateur Press Association went on record (orally, for Harold Ellis (soon eligible for membership in The Fossils) rented a Brush Soundmirror for that purpose. The recorded tape has now reached New York where a meeting of local N.A.P.A. members and Fossils will be assembled this fall to hear it. Notices will be sent out to local Fossils of the time and place for such meeting.

Twenty-three Fossils attended the convention: Earl Bonnell, Hyman Bradofsky, Earl Cornwall, Gilbert Cowan, Sonia Davis, Edith Ericson, Felicitas Haggerty, Herbert Hauser, Edgar Hayes, Jean Hayes, John B. Long, Sesta Matheison, Thor Mauritzen, Bernice McCarthy, Edna McDonald, Walter Mellinger, Anthony F. Moitoret, Clyde Noel, Wesley Porter, Marvin Sanford, Al Sharp, Helm Spink and Joseph Thalheimer. Most of them were present at all the sessions; some looked in on only one. A brief reunion was held and a photograph taken by Emory Moore. Between sessions, Fossils collected in groups, exchanging reminiscences as is their wont, went to breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and cocktail parties together, and enjoyed their fraternization to their hearts' content. Thus, emphasis was once more placed upon the purpose of our hobby.

The purposes of The Fossils, as outlined in its By-Laws, are "to perpetuate friendships formed among the members . . . to keep memories alive by occasional reunions, and otherwise to benefit by a community of fellowship." These are significant purposes for the times in which we live. If there is one thing which the sorry world lacks it is a community of fellowship, a spirit of camaraderie, the ability and power to perpetuate friendships.

The chemistry of friendship is subtle. No one can tell why another is his friend, nor adequately analyze the reasons for his attraction to another. We are friends. Friendship implies a kinship more sacred and profound than mere relationship. A friend, it might be said, is our closest tie by congeniality. It is difficult, if not impossible, to say why we regard each other with feeling and emotion or why we value certain contacts as something beyond price or appraisal. And there are such friendships in The Fossils.

As a result of the convention, we have some new Fossils: Edith Ericson, Al Sharp, Charles A. Bow. Miss Ericson we welcome particularly, for she with her brother once afforded considerable encouragement and material help to aspiring young amateur printers. For years, the Ericson Press printed amateur papers at cost for young publishers. We have asked her to write an article for The Fossil on this astonishing enterprise and hope she will not disappoint us. Al Sharp, whose sense of humor leads him to sign programs with such pseudonyms as "Buster Girdle", might give us some *Sharp Pointers* from now on. Shall we hint here that The Fossils expect this?

Of course, Fossils took active part in the proceedings for, happy to relate, they can be found today in the forefront of amateur journalism and not in the back seats or buried under the debris of yesteryear. Mrs. McDonald took the laureate award for poetry; Burton Crane honor-

(Continued on Next Page)

X-DN 4827 #52

FREE PRESS

Vol. 2 OCTOBER, 1949 *No. 1*

Editorially Speaking

You who were absent missed an interesting, inspiring, enjoyable, ever friendly time. Certainly it's the Labor Day A.J. Convention to which we have reference!

Successful conventions always prove how much more amateur journalism could progress with chapter meetings throughout the year. Except for occasional foolish bickering intra and inter associations, we're all really a friendly group, who enjoy meeting the people in our organizations. Many of us have become true friends, a friendship valued and which we'll maintain for a lifetime.

As is to be expected where we have freedom of thought and expression, there are sometimes differences of opinion. Naturally to that in itself there are no objections. But there are some matters which should be personal squabbles, not association concern, where members have to take sides. Differences of opinion have resulted in attacks on individuals and groups. Let's look at it this way: Whether you're young or old in years, stay young progressively by having young ideas which are part of today's world of living.

Those sessions of the convention that Mildred (my better half) and I attended will always be remembered.

#53

The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLVI, No. 3 NEW YORK, N. Y., JANUARY, 1949 Whole Number 121

A Brief History Of British Amateur Journalism

These are not the recollections of a very aged amateur. Although my connection with the hobby goes back about thirty-seven years, I am now only 51. I began rather young!

The National Amateur Press Association of Great Britain was founded in 1890 by a band of young men whose interest in writing and printing were about equal. The Association prospered exceedingly, especially in its first few years. It lived to some extent on lively controversy, although most of the blast and counter blast was taken in good part and many life-long friendships developed. This Association continued, holding regular annual Conventions, until 1905. This can be called the First Active Phase. Three names amongst the original and foundation members were to become familiar in the latter phases, those of Ben Winskill, J. Hull Goss and Arthur DuSoir.

Then followed a period of about five years in which ajay was kept alive in Great Britain mainly by small factions and individuals, who did much good work. Two names connected with this period are R. D. Roosmale-Cocq and that very famous ajay Edward F. Herdman, who had produced a number of amateur magazines, mainly connected with stamp collecting, in the period prior to 1890 before the National Association was founded.

In 1910 the Association was reconstituted, as the British Amateur Press Association, on a wave of tremendous enthusiasm and activity. Although E. F. Herdman lent very active assistance and became the first president, the main credit for refounding the Association stands to the name of his son Edward ("Eddie"), Leo George (Wheeler Dryden) and Ernest A. Dench, who later went to the United States and became Official Editor of the N. A. P. A. Old-timers Ben Winskill and J. H. Goss quickly joined in, and from 1910 to 1915 intense activity was maintained, although the active membership was only a hundred or so. I was introduced to the hobby at this period, in 1911, through contact with Ben Winskill (who recently died in May, 1948), and within a few months I had met many of the leading ajays at a memorable meeting in London on Boxing Day, 1911, had issued my first amateur magazine *Excelsior* followed closely by *The South Eastern Amateur* (which still lives on) and had been elected a Councillor of the Association. There were several contacts with the N. A. P. A., with whom magazines were exchanged, and with the Brooklyn Blue Pencil Club (with exchanged monthly news letters). Many of us, including myself, were also members of the N. A. P. A. at that time. This I will call the Second Active Phase.

At the beginning of the First World War, many of us younger members joined the Country's armed forces, and most of the elder ones were engaged in war work of some kind. By about 1917, Ben Winskill, with assistance from Joseph Parks, a redoubtable warrior in those days, kept the ajay flag flying with an improvised organization they ran, known as the International Amateur Press Club, which achieved a large membership and produced some very valuable recruits for the B. A. P. A. when the war ended. The Association had maintained a rather nominal existence during the period 1916 to 1920, but then activity broke out again. Some pre-war members gave their lives and many were badly damaged during the war, and few of the earlier adherents rejoined at this time although many did in 1926 as I shall tell later.

Very few of the printed amateur papers survived the war and few new ones flourished during it, a very notable exception being *The Scot* which ran to some 96 numbers and was produced by a crippled Scotsman, Gavin T. McColl of Dundee. This aftermath period produced a majority of ajays who were interested in writing rather than printing and the production of printed magazines. This led in 1922 to a change in the name of the Association to the British Amateur Literary Association. Although a few printed papers were still being published, they took a minor place in the interest of the hulk of the members, and their publishers did not achieve much influence in the direction of the Association's affairs. By 1925 the producers of the few printed papers were being openly snubbed by Officials, and they formed an "association within an association" by grouping themselves together for their own protection in an Amateur Press Club confined to those who thought the same way themselves. An open breach came in 1926, when the ring-leaders of the new Press Club appealed in their magazines for the support of the former members of the B. A. P. A. who had fallen out of the ranks. Edward F. Herdman was the mainspring of this development, and it is one of my proudest claims to ajay fame that, with Joseph Parks, I was Herdman's chief support and helper in once again reflloating the B. A. P. A. in 1926. Herdman became President and I the Official Editor. The B.A.L.A. continued as a separate organization until it died out in 1930. The new Association got away to a flying start and brought in many former members and in its first year had grown to a round one hundred strong. This was the beginning of what I term the Third Active Phase, which is still in being. Although the Association passed through a very lean period around the early nineteen-thirties, following the advent of Clifford Russell in 1934 as Secretary (a post he has held ever since), the numbers and scope of the Association steadily increased up to the outbreak of World War Two. During the war, numbers were fairly well maintained largely owing to the efforts of Clifford Russell's father, W. H. Russell, in keeping the contacts alive while his son was serving in the Royal Air Force. Since the war ended, numbers have gradually risen to an all time high of over 300.

From what I have written, the impression may have been given that British ajay is moving along at present on the flood tide of success, but I should be less than candid if I left it at that.

As we have seen, the effect of the first

X-PN 4827

The Fossil.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLVI, No. 4 NEW YORK, N. Y., APRIL, 1949 Whole Number 122

ERICSON OF ELROY

The Oakland Sun, issued in November 1935, after the passing of my brother, Erie Edward Erieson in March of that year says: "Amateur Journalism owes a debt of gratitude to E. E. Ericson which it never can repay. This memorial issue of *The Sun* is our feeble effort to pay our humble tribute to this man and his work." This number of *The Sun* has at its masthead as Editor and Publisher, Anthony F. Moitoret—Associates Editors, Victor A. Moitoret and Felix Moitoret.

The article goes on to tell of the Editor's first dealing with E. E. Erieson, in 1908, when the initial issue of *The San Francisco Sun* (April 1908) arrived from the Erieson Press, Elroy, Wis., for the modest sum of $2.00. Afterwards the paper was enlarged, its number of pages doubled, and still later the page size increased to 6x9. "In all, Erieson printed a dozen issues of *The San Francisco Sun*, besides *The Californian*, official organ of the old San Francisco Amateur Press Club, and the individual papers of that organization's members. It was a pleasant and business-like relationship over several years."

There is much more of interest which space forbids including here — but we want to add the following: "It is 15 years since Erieson turned out any amateur papers and it is significant that during the same period Amateur Journalism has been on the decline. What the hobby needs is more E. E. Eriesons."

(I shall never cease being grateful to the Moitorets for their splendid tributc to the memory of my brother. I had the pleasure of meeting Anthony, Victor and members of their families for the first time at the 1948 convention of the N. A. P. A. in Los Angeles.)

Both Ed and I became interested in *Clubdom* through *Golden Hours* and *Golden Days*, popular publications with young people of the late '20's. From that we graduated into the ranks of Amateur Journalism, joining the United in 1897 — I in May and Ed in September, at least his name appears in the list of new members in *"Bits and Chips"* for October '97 — No. 147. I do not know the date of his affiliation with the National Amatcur Press Association.

My brother learned printing at an early age, at local shops in the homc town, and in March, 1898, he started a monthly magazine, *Quillings*. I was associated with him, also E. T. Hale, a lifetime friend, who afterward became a professional publisher and newspaper man, and Holmes S. Kimball of Jackson, Mich. I do not know what ever becamc of the latter. In 1899, I believc it was, *Quillings* was the United's official organ. It was six by nine in size, had 12 pages and cover — subscription 25 cents a year. Three sides of the paper were given ovcr to advertising, and President James C. Bresnahan and his staff were allotted three pages for official matter. *Quillings* was published until the end of 1905, with improvements from time to time and got to be quite a magazine — even had second-class rates, though I

FOSSIL REUNION

The annual reunion of The Fossils will be held at the Hotel Astor, Times Square, New York, on Saturday, April 30th. And *this year it will begin at one o'clock in the afternoon, with luncheon.*

The cost of a dinner was found to be prohibitive.

The business of the meeting will follow the luncheon, and discussion will continue through the afternoon till five o'clock, after which Fossils so inclined may dine with their friends and fellow members as and where they wish.

We hope the luncheon will be well attended, and that we may have a frank and open discussion of our affairs. The future of The Fossils is at stake.

havc forgotten the date they were acquired. They were, like the magazines, cheaper in those days — in fact, were granted without cash. The last few years of its publicaton I had less to do with the work of the magazine, as I was away from home a great deal of the time, and too busy to keep up with my writing. At the time of *Quillings'* suspension, I believe Wm. H. Greenfield was Assocaate Editor.

Ed had built a small print-shop on the home place, in the rear of the house — one big advantage in its location was the privacy — we lived within the "city *limits*" — *just within — half a mile or* more from the postoffice, so people who dropped in usually eame because they really had an crrand — not just to sit around and loaf. He was able to accomplish much more work than would have been the ease otherwise. His only help was from the various members of the household. All our type was, of course, set by hand, this in itself a big job. Ed usually stood while setting type — I preferred the high stool which was one of the main features to be found then in small shops. He always did the press work himself — the press was a hand press — worked by footpower. He was a perfectionist — every detail had to be just right — proof-reading was always done very carefully, occasionally he would stop the press long enough to take a good look at the work, if a comma looked too much like a period, or a letter had becomc worn and did not show up clearly enough, out came the offending character, and replacements went in. A mistake was "something to write home about" — it had to be made right, no matter what the cost in time and labor.

More work was done in that small print-shop than in many a large establishment, with greater conveniences. Many a time Ed and I set type all night and until late the next night — my sister, too, who worked steadily in the shop after I had gone — stopping only for

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

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Journalism Is Adjective, Says President Thomas

They used to employ a quaint expression to describe what occurred when, after years of struggle, of application and of banging on the door, an aspirant for license to practise law succeeded in demonstrating he would not and could not be discouraged, and when all available means for preventing his admission had at length been exhausted: then, at long last, he was, forsooth, called to the bar. If any Fossil feel need to resort to similar euphemism in his surprise at what came of the horse-trading in that smoke-filled room at Hotel Astor, let him regain his aplomb and be assured my elevation to this exalted position can be no more a mystery to him than it is to me.

That having now been explained to everyone's complete satisfaction, I had better get down to work and contrive the labored spontaneity needed for the kind of Message with a message our graciously uncompromising Official Editor, with her eyes fixed inexorably on the calendar, says is expected of me. So, without stopping for the confession of unworthiness demanded by the occasion, or for the traditional promises of single-minded devotion and undying attention to the great objectives implicit in the name of our organization, I shall suppress a flippancy unbecoming the dignity of the office, and in all seriousness commence a deliberate and dignified progress, in the general direction of our most serious and immediate concern.

You members are going to be disappointed if what is expected by way of message is a promise of a tip-top organization, with full return for your dues, and at the same time assurance that your own passivity can remain complete and undisturbed.

For the burden of any honest message must be that if you want a worth-while organization it is for you to make it one. That is something you can easily and pleasurably do, if so minded. The official family will encourage you, will positively gloat over the fruit of almost any sincere effort. But to keep this a worth-while organization we members must want something more than an auspice for weeping into our beer, going the while over and over and over the not too distinguished exploits of what after all was a pretty callow youth, exploits which some of us for our part may remember with quite as much pain as pleasure.

I would not belittle the auspiciousness of such sentimental occasions, on occasion. A liberal draught of auld lang syne is heart-warming, and the pleasure of sharing old times with old friends for a few hours each April. But throughout the year there is much more satisfaction to be had in living than in just living over.

By the way, who was that friend from without the fold, the friend with the deliciously English sense of humor, who informed us over the fence that all we lacked would be supplied, and quickly, if only we had the intelligence to drop the idiotic and stultifying name some clown had inflected upon our organization back in the mists of antiquity? The suggestibility of some folks! I say the fact that each of you appreciates the savour of the venerable incongruity enough to have become a Fossil is proof that you are something different from Browning's finished and finite clod, untroubled by a spark.

Amateur journalism must be well nigh indestructible. Else long ago it would have succumbed. Many of us are still disaffected and rendered permanently a little shame-faced by the plausible but viciously false doctrine that loudly and persistently was preached not so many years ago, and has been preached intermittently, every so often, since first the world began.

Amateur journalism, they say, is for 'teen agers and adolescents, and for them alone. Others still engaged may have reached the years but certainly have not achieved the fact of maturity. They may best be described as elderly adolescents (and not in the admiring sense used by the illustrious—and elderly—Ernest A. Edkins, who coined the epithet). If not incapable of learning anything at all they should learn to act their age, and should get out of the way of the kids, for whom amateur journalism is a nice pastime, useful for keeping them out of more serious mischief. Grown-ups should leave it strictly alone, unless for an infrequent reunion of old grades, or for an occasional benign smile for the youngsters.

Come to think of it, perhaps for persons without imagination that rubbish was not such mistaken doctrine, after all. As itself the hobby, amateur journalism is only a minor hobby, not a terrifically rewarding one, and in the privacy of our own circle we might as well admit it. Of course only children want to play, and they not for long, at being what they are not—job printers, newspaper reporters or columnists, magazine publishers—or to play at being the delegates, proxies, candidates, campaign managers, strategists, parliamentarians, key-noters and corrupt bosses of a mock political convention.

What the unimaginative could not be told, for they would not understand, is that amateur journalism is only in small part hobby, in and of itself. For the most part it is adjective.

And what an adjective! It can enrich and intensify any number of other worth-while hobbies and interests. It can enable each of us to share his own extracurricular enthusiasms, and to share in those of the others. For persons of even moderate receptivity it can add spark and sparkle to what otherwise would threaten to become a humdrum, work-a-day life, add depth and breadth and meaning to an otherwise narrow and superficial existence. It is to these potentialities that are to be attributed the amazing vitality of amateur journalism, and the variety, versatility and discernment to be found among its adherents.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLVII, No. 2 NEW YORK, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1949 Whole Number 124

The Literature Of Amateur Journalism

[A Chapter from Spencer's *History of Amateur Journalism*]

John Winslow Snyder, the first President of the National Amateur Press Association, organized in 1876, never published an amateur paper. Nor have many others, prominent in the annals of amateur journalism. Literary ability is often displayed upon the editorial page, but the greater part of most amateur papers is filled with poems, stories, essays, and literary criticism. These are furnished by the authors of amateur journalism. Some of these also publish papers; many do not. And many names, famous in amateur journalism, do not appear in the political history of the institution.

In the early years of amateur journalism the quality of its literature was not very high. This condition was due in part to the extreme youth of the amateurs of that day and in part to the prevailing trend of writings for youth, both professional and amateur. This manifested itself mainly in stories of wild adventure, Indian fights, and tales of the underworld. Among those prominent in this field were A. N. Demarest and St. George Rathborne, who wrote under the name of "Harry St. Clair, Jr."

But here and there were writers who rose above the general level. One of these was Wayland H. Smith, "W. H. S.," whose verses had gleams of true poetic fire. The most prolific author of those early years was Richard Gerner. Upon the title page of one of his booklets he is described as "Author of upwards of a thousand popular tales and sketches." To these must be added numerous poems. But quality did not keep pace with quantity, and most of his work was feebly sustained. Gerner, scholarly and versatile, had within him a spark of genius, but he rarely allowed it to glow. Of much greater worth were the poems of Henry S. Barler, whose untimely death at an early age cut short a promising career. His best known poem "Fallen," published in *The Empire Herald* in 1874 has been reprinted many times. In the realm of fiction Charles K. Farley, who wrote under the name of "Karl C. Yelraf," was vastly superior to any other author of his day. Occasionally he penned a pleasing bit of poetic fancy, as in "A Summer Idyl." But he was best known as an author of serials and short stories. His work bordered slightly upon the sensational, he was not skilled in the delineation of character or in the analysis of motive and passion, and he was given to undue profusion of words, but his plots were interesting and full of incident, and he excelled in the art of telling a story so as to hold the attention of the reader. His serial, "Two Fair Bedouins," published in *Our Free Lance*, was the longest story ever printed in an amateur paper. Up to 1876 his was the greatest name in amateur literature.

About this time John Winslow Snyder, known as "Winslow," came into prominence as an essayist, a field in which he had no rival in his day, and in some respects few superiors since. His essays were profound, his reasoning powers well developed, and his choice of words was exact as to sense and pleasing to the ear. This quality gained him such power as an orator, many of his sentences having almost the cadence of poetry.

Two young ladies in this era wrote many pleasing verses, Miss Delle E. Knapp being the most gifted, while Miss L. Libbie Adams, "Nettie Sparkle," wrote many unpretentious but smoothly flowing lines, filled with delicate sentiment. Prominent at this time was J. Austin Fynes, who wrote stories and poems, characterized by a light airy touch and graceful turns of expression. His style often surpassed his substance; his essays were more brilliant than profound, but he excelled in short sketches. He was the winner of the first essay laureateship with his entry "Orator and Journalist." The most popular poet of his day was John G. Stanfield, known as "Caxton Stanley." He possessed a poetic temperment and his verse was much above the general level of his day. With him ranked Morris W. Benjamin, "Feramorza."

But the supreme poet of the first decade of organized amateur journalism was George M. Huss. His fame rests upon one poem, but it is one of the two most celebrated poems in amateur literature. Called "Music," it was published in *The Stylus* for March, 1878. These lines have been often quoted:

FAR REMOTE
From symphony, the insects' tiny note,
That stabs the stillness of a Summer's day,
Completes the choir and fills out Nature's lay."

The poem is uneven, and awkwardly expressed in places, but it contains many lines of penetrating power, and it won the first poetry laureateship.

In 1878 Stephen S. Bartlett, "John Quilldriver," was the most popular story writer. He had a fluent style, but his matter bordered upon the melodramatic, and he had little skill in portraying character. John H. Gibbons and James L. Elderdice, "Hermit," were well-known poets at this time, Elderdice being the more prolific and ambitious. His long poems were not sustained, but contained many poetic lines. The signature "Quince" may be found annexed to many bits of verse published in this period. Samuel A. Wood, who wrote under that name, had a happy command of language, and a delightful sense of humor, his best work being seen in his light poems, of pleasing melody and tripping rhymes, and often containing an unexpected pun, after the manner of Thomas Hood. Thomas G. Harrison, using the nom de plume "Nameless," and Elihu Palmer entered ambitious poems for the laureate honors, but their work, although occasionally poetic in conception, lacked the necessary qualities of execution to be real poetry.

Edward A. Oldham, known as "Aleck E. Mahdlo," was the best representative of the amateur literature of the South in 1880. His poems were not remarkable for richness of poetic imagination,

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS OF THE PAST

Vol. XLVII, No. 3 NEW YORK, N. Y., JANUARY, 1950 Whole Number 125

THE FOUNDING OF THE FOSSILS

In 1913 the *New York World* published a three-column article relative to the Edwin Hadley Smith's collection of amateur papers which had been moved from the Pratt Institute Public Library in Brooklyn to the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University. The story was written by me and it gave a comprehensive description of how this unique collection had been acquired by Smith. I allude to this article because I believe it answers the question so often asked as to whom the honor belongs for suggesting the formation of THE FOSSILS.

In my write-up of the collection I named Edwin Hadley Smith as the founder of the Fossils organization and I still hold to that opinion, because it was he who brought the old-time amateur journalists together and arranged for the reunion dinner that was held at the Arena Hotel in New York, Saturday evening, May 28, 1904, and where the Fossils organization was founded that night.

Like James M. Beck, founder of the National Amateur Press Association in 1876, Smith never made any claim to being the founder of the Fossils. Nevertheless he was the prime factor and leading spirit of the organization and should, therefore, be paid this tribute and honor.

The story of Edwin Hadley Smith's quest for amateur papers is generally known, but it is well worth repeating and demonstrates to what cost a collector will go in pursuit of his hobby. It all started in 1896 when Smith acquired 2,000 amateur papers from David W. Jagger of Newburgh, New York, who in 1873 had published *Index*. The acquisition of the Jagger collection fanned the latent talent of Smith into a luminous blaze and he resolved to go in search of every amateur paper he could lay his hands on.

In his search Smith, who then resided in Salt Lake City, ran across Sterling P. Rounds, who in 1865 published *The Holiday Budget* with "Tad" Lincoln, the martyred president's son. Smith always enjoyed telling how he pestered Rounds for a copy of the paper, and how eventually he persuaded the old fellow to go up to the attic and dig one out of an old trunk.

In 1899 Smith left Salt Lake City and came to New York which offered him a wider field to pursue his hobby. Once settled there he hunted up every person, who in his youth, had published or edited an amateur paper, and prevailed upon them to pass them on to him. By the end of 1903 his collection had grown to such a preponderant size that he ceased solicitations to take stock and to catalogue his collection.

Having stored most of his papers in a warehouse and realizing that the furnished room he occupied would not be large enough to hold his bulky collection, he rented a three-room apartment in Brooklyn. Here, night after night and Sundays and holidays, he plugged assiduously at the pile; but as the weeks passed and he was making little progress in assembling them, he concluded that there was but one way to finish the job—and that was to devote his entire time to the task. Having saved a little money, he resigned his position with the Fidelity & Casualty Insurance Company and went to work in earnest. It was shortly after this that I visited him and found him with his sleeves rolled up and working like a galley slave on his collection.

"Great Caesar's ghost," I cried when I beheld the conglomerate mass of papers piled high on the floor", you sure have picked yourself a job!"

"Do you think so?" Hadley laughed, "then how about lending me a hand? I can use a husky guy like you."

"What does it pay?" I whispered.

"There ain't any," he grinned.

"Then I'm afraid pal, the deal is off," I declared.

I spent two pleasant hours with Hadley. Whenever there was a lull in our conversation and we were not discussing amateur journalism or recalling events anecdotal with beloved comrades, I would burrow into a pile of the papers and bring out some familiar publication and peruse it eagerly. Occasionally Hadley would peer at me over his glasses and say, "Find anything of interest, Hank?" Invariably I would answer yes, and that would start us off anew, revelling in old memories.

It was after I had left Hadley's apartment that I remembered him telling me that there still was quite a number of the oldtimers around. Why I didn't think of suggesting to him that we try and get the old crowd together some time, I'll never know. It was about ten months later Hadley called on me at the World office and told me about the oldtimers reunion banquet he had arranged for the evening of May 28th at the Arena Hotel.

Forty-five years have passed since that memorable event, and while the years in a methodical manner have moved along, there still remains fresh in my memory much of the proceedings of that reunion banquet. Forty-six of the old guard who heard the clarion call sounded by Edwin Hadley Smith, were present. Many whom time had touched with gray, had journeyed from distant points to renew the acquaintances of youth and rethrash the discussions and politics of their period. It is indeed a crusty, narrow minded Fossil who dared claim that amateur journalism is but a boyish pastime soon to be forgotten. Forgotten? Never! To have seen the look, the hearty handgrasp of those former amateurs as they met would have convinced the most skeptical how wrong he was.

The hour set for the dinner was 6:30, but as early as 5 o'clock the guests began to arrive. The first to appear was James H. I. Munro, who had come all the way from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. He was followed by Hal E. Stone, who had come from Melbourne, Australia, to take a position in the printing division of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. In the early nineties he had published the *Victorious Kangaroo*. Mr. Stone has since moved back to Australia and still retains his membership with the Fossil organization. By 6 o'clock the lobby of the hotel was swarming with amateur journalists of the past.

Promptly at 6:30, the guests filed into the banquet hall. They sat at one long table with Toastmaster Charles H. Young midway on one side. At his right sat Charles C. Heuman, and at the left was

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Korean Jeep Journey

By Burton Crane

Burton Crane, of The New York Times Far East staff was one of the first newspapermen in South Korea after the Red attack. He and Frank Gibney of Times-Life were wounded on June 28th when retreating Koreans blew a bridge. Here is Crane's own account of what happened that day. The story is reprinted from Times Talk, July 1950, with special permission of The New York Times.

Taipei, Formosa.

For two and a half days every correspondent in Tokyo had been trying to get into Seoul, Jack James of UP and Okie King of AP were stationed there. Walter Simmons of *The Chicago Tribune* had run up on the preceding Friday, quite by accident. But nobody else could get in.

On Sunday, June 25, GHQ PIO set up a plane for Kimpo, the airfield northwest of Seoul. It turned back. Twice on Monday flights for correspondents were scheduled but canceled. Lindesay Parrott and I both drew greenbacks from the bank. We had orders cut, bearing both names, permitting us to leave MacArthur's domain. We waited.

The Reds were coming in fast. On Monday afternoon they were only a few miles north of Seoul. Korean Army headquarters got out of town. So did headquarters of the American Korean Military Advisory group. Tuesday morning air cover was arranged for thirteen evacuation planes out of Kimpo and Suwon, twenty-odd miles south of Seoul. And at 1100 hours (11 A. M.) Tuesday we learned that evacuees would be coming into Itazuke, the big Far Eastern Air Force base in Kyushu, and that a plane for correspondents had been set up. Parrott thought I might as well go down to cover the evacuees.

But *The Times* had no story on that bunch of evacuees. Thirty minutes after our arrival in Itazuke, four of us discovered that we could thumb a ride into Seoul on the last evacuation plane. There was no time to ask questions or seek authorization. This was definitely the last plane.

BURTON CRANE

The plane set down at Kimpo at 1932 hours (7:32 P. M.) Tuesday and kept its engines turning over. Somewhere upstairs we hoped was fighter cover. As I came down the ladder I sang out, "Anybody got a jeep with gas?" An ECA man named James D. Moore volunteered a brand-new civilian jeep.

I went back to the operations building and put in a call by commercial telephone to Itazuke. Lieut. Col. Peter L. Scott of the KMAG told us that both headquarters had moved back into Seoul.

I got hold of a sergeant at Itazuke and dictated a story to be delivered to Wac Maj. Miller Potter of FEAF for transmission to Parrott in Tokyo. Nothing was ever heard of that story.

With Colonel Scott in the lead, we took off for Seoul. Marguerite Higgins of *The Herald Tribune* followed in a brand-new Studebaker, Keyes Beech of *The Chicago Daily News* in a new Dodge. Frank Gibney of *Time* was with me in the jeep. Half-way into Seoul we passed a group of irregulars with rifles and peasants' straw hats along the road. They grinned at us as we buzzed by at sixty miles an hour. Not till later did we discover that this had been a Communist patrol.

* * *

At National Defense Headquarters in Seoul we got a thorough briefing. North of the City the situation was virtually unchanged but the Reds had landed 800 men and five armored cars south of the Han River in the hills due north of Kimpo. We talked to Col. Sterling Wright, senior KMAG officer; Col. Something Mahoney, the chief of staff; Maj. Walter Greenwood, deputy chief of staff, and Maj. George Sedbury, G-2. Marguerite and I wrote stories and Mahoney said he'd try to get them out by Army Signal. Nothing was ever heard of either yarn.

At midnight Marguerite went off to sleep at Colonel Wright's house. The rest of us went with Greenwood. As we mangled a sandwich or two, shellfire from the northeast seemed to come appreciably closer.

We hadn't been in bed much more than a half-hour when the phone rang. The situation had suddenly become "very sticky." Kimpo had fallen a few minutes earlier. There was pressure from the east. And a column of five tanks had penetrated the center of the city and was now a little over a mile

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EMPIRE STATE

Amateur photograph made by Beecher Ogden from the loggia of St. Gabriel's Branch of the New York Public Library. (The branch library has since been demolished) (Copyright: Beecher Ogden)

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OFFICIAL ORGAN·OF·THE·AMATEUR·JOURNALISTS·OF·THE·PAST

Vol. 50 NEWTONVILLE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1952 Whole Number 136

An Old Lode Reopened

THE CROSSMAN COLLECTION

By Edward H. Cole

The late Charles P. Crossman's amateur relics came into my possession on June 29. Imagine, if you can, my feelings as I went through the contents of several cartons and set aside papers, books, and letters of seventy-five years ago. That in 1952 it was possible to acquire letters written by Richard Gerner, papers such as the *Boys' Herald* under the English and Hall editorship, and two score or more of the directories and books that were so frequently published in the seventies and eighties was unbelievable. Yet precisely that happened.

Though he actively participated in amateur journalism for hardly three years, Mr. Crossman evidently cherished everything associated with the experience. For seventy-five years he kept nearly every letter and every paper he had received from fellow amateurs. His daughter, Mrs. John Shirley, and *her* daughter, who sat with me as I sorted out the amateur material from the other, ardently testified to the care with which he had guarded the treasures. No one but him might touch the boxes in which he kept them. Therein, too, were the letters and papers that came to him in the 1920's and 1930's after he had joined The Fossils. The whole episode affirms what some overlook or disbelieve — that amateur journalism can't be eradicated from the hearts of some; that even if they no longer can play a part, they genuinely hold their memories dear unto death.

In 1875 Charles P. Crossman was a boy with a printing press who had developed a fairly extensive card printing business in South Amherst, Massachusetts. Having a large number of agents in various parts of the United States and finding it necessary to keep them regularly informed of changes in prices and styles, he decided to publish the *Snowflake*, a 6½ x 8½, two-column paper. He also sought to increase his business by giving to every subscriber to *Snowflake* at fifteen cents a year a pack of visiting cards. The first number appeared in January, 1876. Evidently he came quickly into touch with several leading amateur journalists of the day, for the April and subsequent numbers of *Snowflake* have contributions from such writers as Humpty Dumpty (Richard Gerner), J. Austin Fynes, Jr., Clarence E. Stone, and others, and a considerable amount of comment about amateur papers and affairs. The contributions, after the fashion of the times, were paid for either in cash or in kind; in Crossman's case, in printed cards. On March 6, 1876, Richard Gerner wrote:

> C. P. Crossman, Esq.
> Dear Sir — 50¢ rec'd. Thanks. Send copy of "Snowflake" as soon as out, please.
>
> Yours Frat
> Richard Gerner
>
> P. S. If you want any more, let me know.

The payment, undoubtedly, was for a story, "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen: a Diamond Necklace" "Written expressly for the Snowflake" that appeared in the April number.

Gerner had numerous transactions with Crossman; he sold cards on commission for him; he wrote both prose and poetry for *Snowflake*. His letter of January 9, 1877, has more than passing interest.

> Friend Crossman,
>
> Yours of the 6th inst duly to hand. I'm very sorry to say that my college duties will positively not permit me at present to write you a story. But I happen to have finished some verses some time ago, as yet unpublished, which I enclose, hoping they may suit as well. Please send me two copies of the issue in which they will appear.
>
> In payment for the same, recognizing the hard times, you may send me fifty Snowflake cards, assorted colors, with the following name printed on them in NO. 6 type:
>
> FANNY LELIA JOBBINS
>
> Be sure to get it right.
>
> Truly, in great haste,
> "Humpty Dumpty"

The verses "Greeting" duly appeared in the *Snowflake* for April, 1877, with the notation that they were written expressly for that publication, despite Gerner's assertion in his letter that they had been written some time previously and hitherto had not found a market.

Others contributed to *Snowflake* in much the same way. Here's a letter from "Sanctum of Almon E. Pitts, Sketch Writer", Newark, Ohio:

> April 7, 1876
>
> C. P. Crossman,
>
> Dear Sir:—
>
> Letter containing cash for story rec'd. Thanks. Enclosed find a humorous article which I hope will exactly suit. If you will print me 50 Snowflake cards with "Almon E. Pitts" thereon, I will in return send you a story. If you agree, send on cards as soon as convenient.
> Hoping story suits, I am,
>
> Resp Yours
> A. E. Pitts
>
> Will you please send me your card in "X" for mine?

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Official Publication of the Amateur Journalists of the Past

GREAT NECK, N. Y. JANUARY 1952

THE BOSS

by Clement F. Robinson

Outside of your family circle who have most influenced your life? Looking back across six decades I would pick as the person who most influenced my college years neither a teacher nor a fellow-student, but Charles C. Ewell who lived at Norfolk Downs, Massachusetts, and signed himself CCE with a series of curlicues that stand like an intaglio in my memory.

The Boss, as I call him, arrived in my sophomore year to superintend the construction of the new library building at the college in my home town. That first summer my parents were abroad and my younger brother and I had jobs under the Boss, living at home under the mild oversight of a lively old maiden who was the principal of the grammar school, and taking our meals at a boarding house across the street. My brother was water boy, and I was the timekeeper and office clerk in the temporary shack behind the new building. It contained a front office with a safe, a work table and cupboards, and a back room with a built-in bunk for the Boss. There he lived for nearly two years except for an occasional weekend at home.

I can see him now—a stocky, sturdy man of fifty with a weathered ruddy face, his sleeves rolled to the elbows displaying red forearms as plump as a girl's and as tough as a prizefighter's. Indeed, he had been an amateur boxer in his youth, and early taught me how to put one's shoulder into a punch. He was light as a cat on his feet, and when puzzling out one of the esoteric blueprints emanating from the silky-minded architect of the building, I have seen him grab the edge of the workbench with both hands and dance a heel-toe clog to a hummed jig. He never swore, he didn't have to. When he spoke, his hearers acted.

He was the first practical man I ever knew. He prided himself on being a skilled mechanic; so did my father as far as that goes, but my father's tenons didn't always fit their mortices. The Boss had been a bricklayer in his youth, and he had an occupational prejudice against carpenters. He regarded masons as the aristocrats of the building crafts—"*Anybody* can be a carpenter." He tolerated Lunt, the mild chief carpenter, as a business associate but never as a social equal. Aside from this one idiosyncrasy the Boss was a true democrat. Rich, poor, white and black, were accepted on the same footing. He looked neither down nor up.

From bricklaying he had developed to overseeing the work of others, and for many years he had been his employers' right-hand man. He built the Touraine Hotel in Boston. He told me of his difficulties in getting steel beams into place at that busy corner where two narrow alleys ran behind the building which was to occupy the entire lot, and two not much wider busy main thoroughfares intersected in front. After he finished the library building he built one of the big hospitals on Corey Hill, Brookline.

With his employers his relation was intimate and friendly. "L.D.", the retired head of the firm, was a gentle, white-haired, old man, whom the Boss revered both as the Civil War commander of the Boss's father and as the man who had given the Boss himself his start in life when he was a lad in his teens with a mother to support.

Toward LD's sons, "young Ed" (who was about the Boss's age), and "Joe" (whom the Boss regarded as a stripling), he was tolerant and fatherly. They came of good stuff, but he was sure they made errors of judgment which the old man would never have fallen into. Of course the Boss was a high paid man—$30 a week, straight pay, rain or shine. Lunt with $25 and I with $8.00 in the summer, and $5 during the winter, were the only other men who got straight pay.

It was as a practical mechanic that I first came to know him: how to level up I-beams; how to lay bricks; how to make a straight arch—something the local bricklayers didn't know how to do until he showed them; how to check materials and measurements; how to "scale" a blueprint; how to keep all of the crew busy when the non-arrival of an essential stone in the water course held up work at one part of the job; or when a gushing spring of water undermined a foundation, or rain put a temporary stop to outside work.

In those days only the masons were unionized, at $4.50 a day. They were very temperamental, but there was no featherbedding, and there was a healthy competition among them as to who could lay the most bricks during the nine-hour day. He could put anybody but these lordly bricklayers to work at anything that needed to be done. Carpenters got $2.50 a day; and laborers $1.50 or $1.75, but a carpenter would dig a trench if told to, or a laborer nail up a staging without anyone's complaining.

From the Boss during those two years I got many practical comments on life in general, and much pragmatical advice. Much of his lore was like Ben Franklin's—thrift, honesty, fair dealing, courage and patience; but chiefly he was concerned with one's knowing how to do his job and sticking aggressively at it. Mechanical skills were to him highly important. He urged me to learn touch typewriting. He said that a typewriter would be helpful during the lean years of early law practice. He was right. During the long, hot, summer, I put in many weary hours of practice with his encouragement to mollify the drudgery.

He also urged me to take up shorthand, and I took some lessons. But that didn't click, and perhaps it is just as well. Unlike typewriting, shorthand dexterity fades with disuse.

He tried in vain to teach me other manual skills, and urged me to toughen my gangling muscles; but there, too, his efforts were useless.

Politically, we talked the same language. He had grown up in a Civil War family and Republicans could do no wrong. After McKinley's assassination he stopped all work for a day, telling me to fill out the payroll for the day

#162

"See FLORIDA from TAMPA"

APRIL, 1952

EDITOR-PUBLISHER:
Miss Amena Peacock #437
1809 W. Burk Street
Tampa 4, Florida

DON'T MISS "THE BIG SHOW" AND THE WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT BROUGHT YOU BY THE GLAMOROUS AND VERY TALENTED TALLULAH BANKHEAD SUNDAY NIGHTS ON N.B.C. 6:30 to 8:00 PM. IF YOU'VE NEVER HEARD IT..YOU'LL THANK ME FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT THE LOVELY TALLULAH AND HER OUTSTANDING PROGRAM

THE FIRST EASTER

By Amena Peacock

A few minutes before sunrise of their third day of intense sorrow, waiting and pain of having lost a loved one, two women walked slowly towards the place in which their beloved had been laid away, sealed in after being brutally murdered by hate and prejudice. Their faces reflected the sadness in their hearts and, as they moved along the path, there was a hush in the air and, in the distance, the horizon showed the first faint rays of the rising sun.

As they neared their destination, they became hesitant fearing what they might find, yet wanting to know. Memories of what had led them to this early morning pilgrimage flashed through their minds. They remembered a man of kind countenance and simple ways, who had always returned good for evil and sought to make the world a better place to live in, but whose own path had been strewn with jagged rocks and had ended in violence! People had jeered at his teachings, laughed at his preaching. A good friend - one whom he had trusted implicitly - had betrayed him and sold him into captivity, where he had been flogged, a cruel crown of thorns imbedded in his head, then been conderned to die by a frenzied, howling mob! He had been forced to carry the heavy wooden cross on which he was later crucified with long sharp spikes piercing his hands and feet. While hanging on the cross and dying, soldiers had mocked him mercilessly, daring him to save himself! Yes - their friend had offered his great love and compassion for humanity and been repaid with cruelty, injustice and forced to endure humiliation at the hands of his enemies!

Now, the women were only a few steps from their destination. When they rounded the corner - they would know. They took those last few steps and stopped amazed....the great stone sealing the entrance to the tomb had been removed and the tomb stood desolate and empty! Where was their friend? They stared about them bewildered. Then, suddenly, a brilliant light blinded them. When they finally found the courage to dare look, they saw the Angel of the Lord who gave them a wonderful message. They were to have no fear, their beloved Christ had risen and gone before them into Galilee where He would meet them. The Angel tells them to go at once and carry these glad tidings to the bereaved disciples.

All sorrow and anguish left the hearts of the two Marys. They quickly retraced their steps, in a hurry to impart the good news to their awaiting friends. Their hearts are singing a joyous song of thanksgiving. Their Lord has risen! He lives! They know now He will always live and be with them - even unto the end of the world!

To the two Marys and the Disciples this was indeed a joyous Easter....and I wish the same to all my fellow U.A.PA. Members and the world at large!

FEE CHART AND PARCEL POST RATE TABLES AS OF DECEMBER 1, 1960

The big figures are for weights in pounds; first column in each table gives zone numbers, 0-local to 8, followed by the amount of postage in cents for the specified weight to that zone. The small figures opposite weights give Educational Materials rates, upper, and Library Materials rates, lower, for all zones.

Third Class—Less than One Pound: 2 ounces 3c minimum; 3 oz. 4c; 4 oz. 5c; 5 oz. 6c; 6 oz. 7c; 7 oz. 10c; 8 oz. 12c; each additional ounce 1½c.

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1/2 33	1/2 38	1/2 43	1/2 48	1/2 53	1/2 58	1/2 63	1/2 68	1/2 73	
3 35	3 41	3 47	3 53	3 59	3 65	3 71	3 77	3 83	
4 39	4 47	4 55	4 63	4 70	4 77	4 84	4 91	4 98	
5 45	5 55	5 65	5 75	5 85	5 95	5 105	5 115	5 125	
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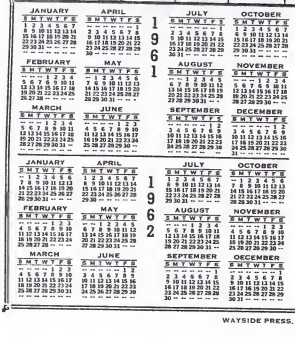

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For

To thank you for your friendship and good will this chart of postal rates and information is given you in the hope that it may be useful to you through many happy months.

C. L. Stanley, Keota, Colo.

WAYSIDE PRESS, KEOTA, COLO.

Easter

Greetings

X-PN 402 CHRISTMAS #65

The train was crowded, and the only seat left was beside a young lad who looked to be no more than fifteen years of age. The minister set his handbag down and sat beside the boy. Desiring to be pleasant, he made some commonplace remark about the fact that everyone was hurrying home for Christmas, but the lad did not answer—he had been crying. Puzzled, the minister ceased his attempts at conversation and waited for the boy to speak.

Across the aisle two soldiers listened with rapt attention to the music from a portable radio. Someone was singing, "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas", and the whole coach was filled with the music. Somehow, that song seemed to draw the preacher and the boy closer together. When the melody died away, on the phrase, "And may all your Christmases be bright",the boy gave a convulsive sob.

Turning away from him, the minister gazed out the opposite window at the snow-covered landscape. It was going to be a white Christmas, alright. Great flakes of snow were coming down, and the window was almost covered. He thought of the long ride ahead of him and wondered how far the boy had to go. Too bad, the lad was in trouble, he thought to himself. It did not seem right for a boy to cry on Christmas Eve.

As if sensing the preacher's thoughts, the boy began to wipe his eyes. When he finally looked around, he was trying to act as if nothing were wrong. The minister smiled at him, and he answered with a grin.

"It sure looks cold out there", the boy volunteered. Grabbing at the chance to talk, the preacher began to tell him of the cold days he had seen during his boyhood, of the trying job of milking two cows in

FREEDOM-EQUALITY

#66

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U.S.A.

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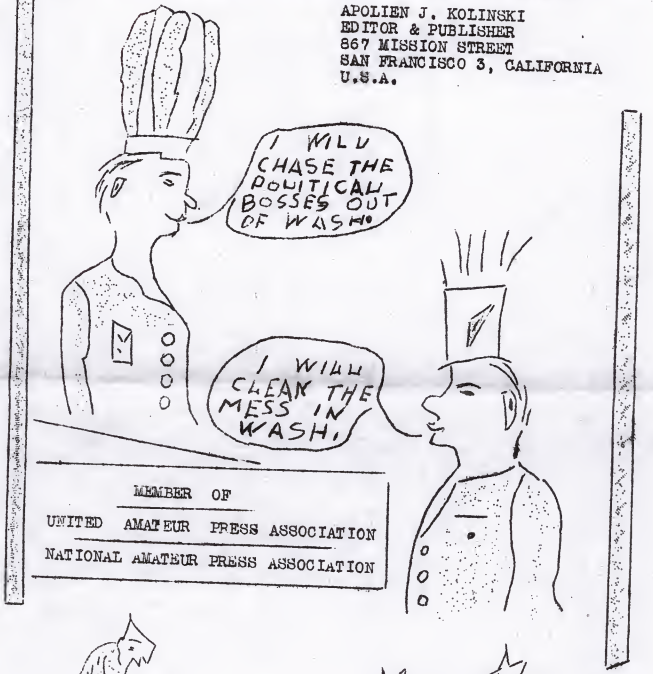

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#67

FREEDOM
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867 MISSION ST. -- SAN FRANCISCO 3,CALIF.,U.S.A.

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GREETINGS OF WELCOME TO THE VISITORS FOR THE UAPA CONVENTION IN LA.,CAL. After having finished your business of the convention visit our Cosmopolitan San Francisco - see FLEISHEIKER ZOO - THE GOLDEN GATE PARK GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - KNOB HILL -- OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE and THE LITTLE SHOP, full of OIL PAINTINGS - of very fine portraits and seenes of nature. On U.S. Route 50 -- East, to San Leandro 16382 FOOTHILL Blvd.. Fred Jacobs the artist is a -- student of Prof. J. Bene - dictus of Boston, Mass.Mr. Jacobs is also an author. Writing about SOCIAL PRO-- BLEMS. An article "WHO -- PAYS THE TAXES",will be in THIS PAPER

#68

FREEDOM EQUALITY

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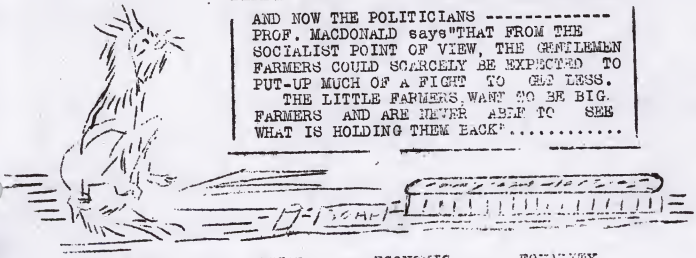
"LETTER FROM INDIA"

PROF. GOKHALE says "That the people a&cre the RICH, HATE ONE ANOTHER, NEVER COME TOGETHER AND THERBY HELP ECONOMICALLY TO CHAIN THEMSELVES" ....

MY DOG' JACK -- by TOM MASTERSON

AND NOW THE POLITICIANS ----------
PROF. MACDONALD says "THAT FROM THE SOCIALIST POINT OF VIEW, THE GENTLEMEN FARMERS COULD SCARCELY BE EXPECTED TO PUT-UP MUCH OF A FIGHT TO GET LESS.
THE LITTLE FARMERS WANT TO BE BIG FARMERS AND ARE NEVER ABLE TO SEE WHAT IS HOLDING THEM BACK".....



RACIAL --- SOCIAL --- ECONOMIC --- EQUALITY

#69

FREEDOM EQUALITY

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THE RIGHT TO ECONOMIC SECURITY

#70

FREEDOM

EQUALITY

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

PAUL J. KOLINSKI --------- EDITOR
J. McDonald --- 767 Mission St. --- San Francisco, Calif.

FOR a WORLD SOCIETY of PEOPLE, FREE and EQUAL. THE EARTH WITHOUT ANY NATIONAL BOUNDRIES. ON which the necessitties for living will be produced throu all able bodied people co-operating in the production ofFOOD,CLOTHING,andHOUSING. THE WEALTH PRODUCED TO BE DISTRIBUTED EQUALLY AMONG ALL THE HUMANS. ON A PLANET were WAR will be abolished, and the SCIENCES of MANKIND will be used for the COMFORT of LIVING of THE HUMAN RACE.

#71

FREEDOM & EQUALITY

Apolian J. Kolinski --- Editor and Publisher
867 Mission Street --- San Francisco 3,Calif.

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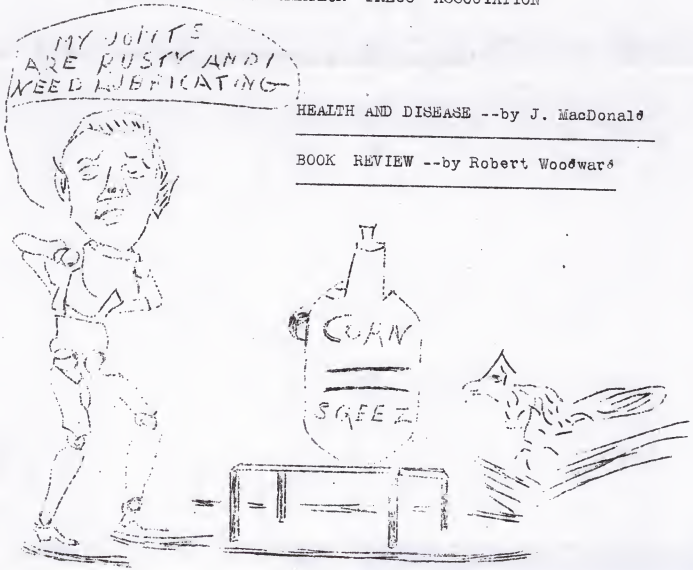

HEALTH AND DISEASE --by J. MacDonald

BOOK REVIEW --by Robert Woodward

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#72

The Fossil

JULY, 1900

The Resurrected Fossil. *Bateford* 1
A July Jaunt ..... *Watkyns* 2
Notes By the Way..... *Nixon* 8
Announcement 11

Monthly. 50 Cents per Annum

JOHN T. NIXON
CROWLEY, LOUISIANA

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#73

Firm on a Crimson Cloud

5 AUG 25

#74

FOR AMERICANS

A New Form of Collective Security

This is the text of an Address over the Mutual Broadcasting Network on June 16, 1954, by Clarence Manion, former Dean of the Notre Dame University Law School. Dean Manion and Gen. Robert E. Wood, of Sears, Roebuck & Company, are Co-Chairmen of FOR AMERICA.

Information about FOR AMERICA may be obtained by writing to:

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From The Heart

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From The Heart

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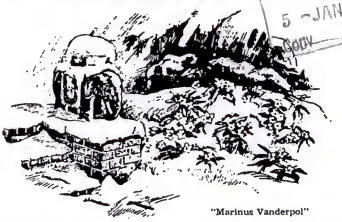
FLOWER Lovers GUIDE

VOLUME 1 NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1959 NUMBER 1

5 -JAN- 4 1960

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE



"Marinus Vanderpol"

The Christmas Rose is an herbaceous Perennial native to the rocky regions of Southern Europe and Western Asia. Its perfection of flower and season of bloom have earned for it such other colorful names as winter rose, snow rose, Christ herb and others; there are many stories which connect the Christmas Rose with the birth of the Christ Child.

This flower strangely loves the bitterness of winter and the flower buds appear late in October. The buds force their way up through the snow and grow to a height of 8 inches; then, while the bud is still quite small, it faces the strongest light and opens, going from cup shape to flat. When fully open the flowers measure 2¾ inches to 3¾ inches across. They usually remain showy for a good five weeks. The leaves measure 6 to 8 inches and offer good protection for the buds until they bloom.

IN THIS ISSUE:

Force Bulbs Indoors This Winter
Western World by Remelda Gibson
Herbs: Growth and Use — Part I
Know Your Evergreens — Part I
Southern Spotlight
December Dateline
November News
Hollies by C. W. Wood
Bulb Planting Chart
House Plant Vines - I
Know Your Annuals - I
Northern Notes
Mum Sez
Eastern Essay
and other features.

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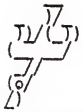

FLORIDA MAIL-O-GRAM.
****
U.A.P.A.
(Publication)

Vol.1, No.2

"THE MAGIC OF FLORIDA"

May, 1959.

(Dedicated to a Tourist from Wheeling, W.Va.)

DID YOU - Learn to cast against the wind, or put live shrimp upon a hook; Reel and net a fighting snook, then watch a shark take all below; Accidentally snag a gull, then release and let him go; How to anchor a rocking boat, and hold your temper if it won't; How to row against the tide, and wonder where's the other side?

DID YOU - Call a pelican by his name, or hear a captain tell its fame; Gather clams with two long rakes, or cook stone crabs you caught yourself; With a hunk of meat on a little old string; Did you taste swamp cabbage, and learn where to find it; Make jelly from seagrapes, or had some on toast; Did you look for and find a small cypress "knee", skin it and polish to bring back to me?

DID YOU - Meet our friend "Oscar", a long-legged spider; Who earns every right to the unlighted corner; "Don't kill him" you're told, "'Cuz he eats all the bugs; He's our friend in disguise, we don't mind the 'ughs'"; Did you ever stand back watching Mamma Racoon, Take her three little babes to some other lagoon?

DID YOU - Watch buzzards fly high, one with a snake; Chased by the others who wanted the take; The fight that ensued caused the tidbit to drop; But a swoop of great wings brought the fall to a stop; The bird and the snake soaring far out of sight; The victory won by his power and might?

DID YOU - walk on the beach, one grand moonlight night; After gathering shells 'till the last of daylight; The conchs, how they wriggle, and hide out of sight; But the soup that they make is the native's delight; Did you look up and watch, the morning sky signs; And stay on the shore when the Southern wind whines; Did you learn how to skin and fillet a "cat"; Salvage the pearls in the back of his "hat"; The cross and the shield, symbolic of Christ; The pieces of silver at which He was priced?

These things and others are FLORIDA to me; Things that the Lord made, gorgeous and free; If you did find them, I know you'll agree; You had SAND IN YOUR SHOES, like little old me! (COME BACK!)

Edith E. Eisenhut, P.O.Box 1268,
Zephyrhills (& Shell Point) Florida.

P.S. Thanks to all you nice people for your grand welcoming letters. Don't let the address confuse you. Shell Point is 50 miles from Zephyrhills, so don't write me there! ('Tis my hide-away!)

FLORIDA MAILOGRAM

(U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION) #80

Vol.1 No.3 June, 1959. x-PN4827

"CAPSULE" LIVING.

Capsule living is a good name for it, but "capsule" has nothing whatever to do with food in this case. In your mind's eye, measure off a space about 8' wide by about 20' to 30' long. It will be not much more than a good sized porch on your house. Into this space put a stove, sink, work table, dinette, two chairs, a daybed, 2 lamps, an easy chair, an end table, double bed, and (nowadays) a shower and toilet. Overhead, and in every available corner you will arrange cupboards with sliding doors, clothes closets, and a heating system with thermostat and blower. Underneath the whole thing will be a pair of wheels, a hitch, electric brakes and lighting system, plus copper tubing for water and gas supply. What is it? A mobile home!

Then move out of your 5 or 6 room house into this "mobility", storing everything possible away in the cupboards, pots and pans, dishes and linens out of sight where you can't find them, and there you have it. Capsule living. Once I heard it called "vertical living", which was pretty good. Definitely, though, you do learn to live with your elbows in. But it's fun! After you've become accustomed to it, there will be added a TV, radio, fishing poles, camera equipment, magazines, etc., in fact everything you were used to in the big house, plus some things you weren't.

The first time you back up to the "thing" and hook on to that little iron ball which holds the two of you together, you look back through your rear view mirror and almost jump out of your skin! For a moment you think someone has hit you in the rear! But you soon learn to look back thru the mirror on the fender, and your goose bumps gradually disappear. But we will not describe life on the road with one of these things, although there is a goldmine of writing material in such a venture. Let's turn to life in a Park, as they are now called. "Camp" is no longer the word. Today they are quite glamorous, and the rents are going higher. Every "mobilite" grows flowers and shrubs around his cottage on wheels, and Poppa or Momma will sprinkle and tend for the miniature plantation with loving care.

The welcoming committee has called to wish you well, hoping you can play cards or can shuffle. If not, you will soon learn, and then find there is another place called "the kitchen". Shuffleboard courts are very popular, and no Park is complete without one. They must be fun, too, judging from the crowds and the waiting lines. At least they mean a way to exercise, and a chance to work off that big steak you ate.

After a day or two you are all set up, awning in place, gas tanks filled, and you begin to look around. One or two sidewalk superintendents who were on hand to help you get the awning up are now nowhere around. Your next door neighbor is out sprinkling her flowers, so you smile and compliment her on the beautiful blooms. Right there you have made Friend #1. She will probably offer you a few slips, and you're on the way to a flower bed of your own.

As you knew, there are all types of people. This is a good place to meet them. Some like TV, others good books, and some just like to talk. One group we jokingly call "the sit and spit club". In less than ten minutes one party on the way to the trash burner told me he was married to his tthird wife; how he met her; what #1 and #2 died of; where he was from; how long it took him to get where he was; how many trailers he had owned, and where he sold the old ones. My soup was ready so I was glad to go in and digest that along with the first installment of his background. The sweet old soul!

In the recreation room will be magazines of all types brought by folks who are through with them. You are sure to meet someone there from your own home State, and right there you've made more friends. You will be invited to their trailer, and later you will invite them to yours. Believe it or not, I met folks who knew friends of mine of 35 years ago. It is a small world, indeed.

The folks who operate these Parks usually try to make you feel at home, and go all out to accomplish just that. I know one who serves ice cream and cake on Sunday afternoons. Some show movies, and hold dances. You should see some of the "oldsters" square dancing on Saturday night. The lonely widow and her companion quite often cause the wedding bells to ring in this land of sunshine. After their life of work they find these carefree hours very sweet indeed. If this way of life were not enchanting there would not be so many of these Parks in existence. I know of nine in one small town, and two or three more contemplated.

Cont'd.....

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"FLORIDA-MAIL-O-GRAM"

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Vol.1 A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION No.1
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To All Members of U.A.P.A:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I received my first bundle of mail this week from U.A.P.A., and my sincere thanks go to Miss Marion Butman of Zephyrhills, Florida, who introduced me to your Club. At a recent Hobby Club meeting Marion and I discovered we were kindred souls and are looking forward to the future in this joint venture for our mutual enjoyment. This "FLORIDA MAIL-O-GRAM" will start out with two departments, and Marion will head the Poetry Division.

May we tell you about ourselves in this first issue, then we will discreetly withdraw, and put the paper first. Miss Marion, the No. 1 personality (because she introduced me to the Club) is a delightful little creature, bubbling over with enthusiasm and a charm all her own! She is the daughter of a Retired Minister, and comes to Florida each Winter with him. She joins right in with the local women, giving them the benefit of her experience and advice. Just to give you an idea of her personality, the other day she received a "talking telegram", and right there on the spot she "sang" her reply to the messenger. (It was delivered as she gave it.) Could you have done that? Her chief delight is poetry, and I believe the U.A.P.A. already has had samples of her art.

(See the reverse side of this bulletin.)

The No. 2 personality is yours truly, Mrs. Edith E. Eisenhut, sometimes known as Triple E. She has been writing "GRAMS" for the past two years to a group of local business women, members of the Wesleyan Service Guild in Zephyrhills. These have been called "Guild-o-grams", and have found their way North in various directions by enclosure in letters of members. The "FLORIDA MAIL-O-GRAM" is the second venture, and will be designed to bring a little bit of Florida sunshine to many who have never been here, and fond memories to others who have. We will include interesting accounts of famous places, and give you word-pictures of behind-the-scenes activities that are off the beaten track. Yet it will be short and sweet, effervescent and intelligent - we hope!

So hello everybody. Marion and I hope you will enjoy our little paper, and will let us know. GO, LITTLE PAPER, Make all the rounds, GO, LITTLE PAPER, With Happy Singing Sounds.

Miss Marion Butman
P. O. Box 956 (From Nov.1 to May 1)
Zephyrhills, Florida
(Summertime in Red Creek, N.Y.)

Mrs. Edith E. Eisenhut,
P. O. Box 1268 - (ALWAYS)
Zephyrhills, Florida.

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(The three "B's" of public speaking are: Be Brief, Be Bright, and Be Gone!)

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FLORIDA MAIL-O-GRAM

Vol. 1, Issue 6 U. A. P. A. October, 1959.

Dear U.A.P.A. Member:

The Florida Mailogram will be in the form of a letter this month. To be honest, I did write up an article under a special heading as my contribution for October, but will sideline it until a later date. I have received so many nice letters from so many nice people that it is felt a general letter to you all would be far more appropriate. Kind words regarding the "Salute to the St. Lawrence Seaway" received today from Nova Scotia, Canada, (from the daughter of a long line of sea captains) to Los Angeles where a new friend has been made of a charming shut-in lady, and all the stops in-between - many letters have come. Thank you so much.

Our new President, Mr. Wilfried Myers, has written words of welcome, as has also Mr. Daas, our hard working secretary. My colleague up in New York State should be returning to Florida soon, and all these fine letters will be waiting for her on her return. She has been a member longer than I, and it is to her, Miss Marion Butman, that I am indebted for the joy that U.A.P.A. membership has given me.

Now HEAR THIS! The office of LAUREATE RECORDER has been designated by our President, Mr. Wilfried Myers, to yours truly, Mrs. Edith E. Eisenhut, for the year 1959-1960, which has been thought about and accepted. After much consideration it has been decided that everything in the Bundle will be judged according to its category, whether you enter it for judging or not. We feel that an unsolicited honor is of much greater meaning to you. It will also encourage better writing all along the line. To all past winners we say "CONGRATULATIONS!"

A word about the judges - A panel of four professionals were recently approached to serve as critics, whose judgements would have been relayed back to our President for his final handling. However, I regret to say that all four were unable to devote the time to this task. So I have turned to amateurs - like ourselves - who will "rate" the papers each month, and their decision will be added to yours, for YOU are asked to send in your votes as to what you think is first or second, as the case may be in each category. REMEMBER, our President will have the final word in making the awards, and our job is only to make the recommendation to him. So please scan the Bundles carefully, and get your votes to me either by postcard or in your own paper each month. (See address below.)

HERE ARE THE CATEGORIES. Story, Essay, Editorial, Poetry, Mimeographing and Printing. They will be numbered in that sequence, so all you need do in voting is mention the category number when giving the name of your selection, if you are pressed for space.

So off we go for a successful Laureate program, ending in June of 1960, with Awards being made at the Convention in Ocean City, N.J. next July. COME ON ABOARD!

Sincerely, Mrs. Edith E. Eisenhut,
P. O. Box 1268
Zephyr Hills, Florida.

(Miss Marion Butman,)
Co-Editor.

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(United Amateur Press Ass'n. Publication, August, 1959.)

A SALUTE TO THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY, ST.LAMBERT.

The beautiful land of Canaan must surely have been Canada for its air has a cool freshness and a clean "washed" feeling that is sweet and noticeable after many years of life in a tropical clime. Perhaps for a moment I had forgotten, but, then, one never really forgets the place that was home during the growing-up years. Now, over 35 years later, in 1959, an unexplainable feeling of awe comes over me as I compare the wonderful new world against the old.

Actually, there is no change in the things that the Lord made - they are still there. But how true the good book is that "knowledge shall be increased", for the many wonderful things man has done with that gift of God is evident everywhere - in intricate roadways and bridges, automobiles that travel over and under them, tall skyscraper buildings and many new homes that are beautiful to beheld. Crowning all this, a fantastic dream of other years has now become a reality, the St. Lawrence Seaway. Where once was a wide expanse of shallow useless water on the south shore, across from Montreal, now exists a deep narrowed "slit" into which the lazy meandering water hae been turned to perform one great service to mankind.

But first - the old, from which the new was born. Two masterpieces are still there - the mountain from which Montreal gets its name, and the river St. Lawrence below. Just now the river takes the spotlight. In days of old it silently wended its way, and became a part of many lives. The swift deep water on the Montreal side has harboured and carried ocean-going ships that once brought brides and grooms and young families sent by the Mother Country to populate and build a new world, and others carried my own folks to these shores where they joined with others in a labour of sweat and tears clearing brush and trees from a wilderness that was less than a mile from the mighty new Seaway. Their choice was the south shore, near St. Lambert, and they formed roads with shovels and wagon wheels putting rocks into place by sheer force of muscle alone, comparing their blistered hands as they rejoiced in seeing a job well done. Their water supply came from wells they dug and blasted themselves, the water ice cold and crystal clear. A ledge of rock kept their foodstuffs cold and crisp.

The children thrived and were healthy. They walked wherever they went. They also walked later as lovers, watching the twinkling lights across the river, and the black shadow of the mountain in the background. That skyline will never change. The mountain and the river smiled at each other in those days, and waited! When the home was completed, father found his way across the river to a job in the city daily, travelling by ferry in summer, and by walking the ice road in winter, a road over ice so thick that it could be crossed by the traffic of that day, horses and sleighs and the early automobile, the edges marked with evergreens stuck in the snow for guidance in blinding snowstorms. A short distance away, near Longueuil, men would be cutting big blocks of ice for storage under thick layers of hay in the ice houses for use in warm weather later. If the river acted up, as it sometimes did through no fault of its own, it would be in springtime, swelling and bulging from the bottle-neck band farther down, causing disastrous ice jams which would spill over on the banks, lifting buildings off their foundations, carrying them to new places downstream, or piling them high on the banks where they would be left when the pressure was relieved after the "boom-break" of spring.

The children of that generation are now grown, with a third and fourth coming into existence that will use and enjoy the labors of those gone before. The ships of their fathers went out the old way, and some most vivid in memory carried soldier boys to World War No.1, all lining the rails for one last look at the place they called home. My own first love went that way, but never returned! He sleeps under a small white cross in the fields of France. Oh, how can people forget?

But one glad day the bells rang and whistles blew. The river rejoiced as it brought home some of the heroes. But little did it know that another would follow later. Now that those days are gone, the river is rejoicing once more because of the great part it is playing in peace

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Florida Flowers

No. 10 De Land, Florida Dec. 1959

HIBISCUS

Hibiscus rosa-sinensis comes to us from China. It is one of the most widely planted shrubs in Florida.

The plant itself grows from dwarf sizes to shrubs over twenty feet high. Some grow with a whip-like growth and others make a dense bush covered with foliage from top to bottom. Normally it is evergreen but some varieties shed a part of their leaves and severe cold will often kill them to the ground, especially the choicer varieties. The most hardy is the single red. Some even grow up north where they spring up each year from the root stalk. Some are fast growing and may grow shoots ten feet long in a single year.

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F L O R I D A M A I L - O - G R A M

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U. A. P. A. May, 1960. Distribution Free.

LITERARY GEMS OF THE AGES.

When I was 14 my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21 I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years. Mark Twain.

Marriage resembles a pair of scissors, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them. Sydney Smith.

I would rather have a wooden church with a splendid parson than a splendid church with a wooden parson. Drury.

The old-time religion! If we could get religion like a Baptist, experience it like a Methodist, be positive about it like a Disciple, be proud of it like an Episcopalian, pay for it like a Presbyterian, propagate it like an Adventist, and enjoy it like a Negro, that would be some religion! Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world! Carlyle.

~~Do you believe in yourself?~~ There is a story that Colonel Roosevelt went to Heaven. Going up to St. Peter, he asked if he could have ten thousand soprano singers. The answer was YES. He then asked for ten thousand alto singers and was told he could have those. Next he asked for ten thousand tenor singers and St. Peter said he could have those. Roosevelt thanked him and started to turn away. St. Peter stopped him with"What about bass singers?" "Oh" was the answer, "I'm going to sing bass myself!" Fowler.

Cold words freeze people - Hot words scorch them. Bitter words make them bitter and wrathful words make them mad. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They smooth and quiet, and comfort the hearer. Pascal.

Blessed is the man who does not insist upon talking about his children when I want to talk about mine! Roy L. Smith.

As a cure for worrying, work is better than whiskey! Thos.A.Edison.

I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. Jerome.

"Well, Noah, you finally got here" said an impatient customer, waiting for a bus. "Is the ark full?" "Nope" said the driver, "We need one more monkey, jump in!"

Edith E. Eisenhut, Editor,
P. O. Box 1268
Zephyrhills, Florida.

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#86

OFF THE RECORD

FOR JUST ME KIDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
MARGE E. BAKER - EDITOR
170 De Soto Street
San Francisco 27, California
ISSUE NO. 1 MAY 1950

PULL UP YOUR FAVORITE CHAIR
AND REST WITH EASE -
AND READ THE FOLLOWING LINES
IF YOU PLEASE.
AN AMATEUR I AM - I MUST ADMIT
AN AMATEUR I'LL ALWAYS BE.
SO CRITICIZE ME IF YOU WISH
'CAUSE THAT'S BECOME MY FAVORITE DISH.
TELL ME WHAT I'M DOING WRONG
TELL ME HOW TO WRITE A SONG.
TELL ME ANYTHING YOU WISH
I CAN TAKE IT - SEE - OH - WHIZ.

MOM

I HAVE A MOM
AN ADOPTED ONE THAT IS -
WHO TREATS ME AS HER OWN
NO MATTER WHAT THE SHAPE I'M IN.

I LOVE HER AS I DO MY DAD
WHETHER FAR AWAY OR CLOSE TO HOME.
SHE'S MINE NO MATTER WHAT THE CAUSE
YOU SEE - I LOVE HER JUST BECAUSE.

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#37

OVER THE [illegible] COUCH

FOR JUST US KIDS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
0 MARGE M. BAKER - EDITOR
178 De Soto Street
San Francisco 27, California

ISSUE NO. IV OCTOBER 1960

MY DOG AND CAT HAVE GOT AWAY
MY GENERAL MANOR ON THIS HOME.
VACATION - NOW I'M A HISTORY
AS I RELAX AFTER MY BOUT.
I ENJOYED IT SO, I'D START YOU A CHANGE
WHILE I WAS HAVING FUN
TO HAVE GUESS [illegible]
YOU SEE I [illegible]
[illegible]
WILL BE A CHANGE FROM US.
AND I - THANK BACK ARE ON [illegible]
[illegible]
SO OUT SCAPE THE SCOUT.

VACATION - DREAMS

LONDON-TOWN, AND BIG BEN STRIKING
PARIS-TOWN, AND LADIES FAIR,
SWITZERLAND AND THE TOWERING ALPS
AND COLD BEAUTY EVERY-WHERE.
RIO GRAND, AND THE SUGAR LOAF,
ALASKA'S CLEAN, COLD AIR,
HAWAII, AND THE HULA DANCERS,
WITH FLOWERS IN THEIR HAIR.
LONDON, PARIS, SWITZERLAND, RIO,
ALASKA, AND HAWAII SUBLIME,
ALL THESE I VISIT IN MY DREAMS
WHEN COMES VACATION TIME.

BUT ALL THE THRILL I NEVER HAVE
BEEN REALLY OUT OF REACH,
A FEW DAYS UP IN THE MOUNTAINS
AND ANOTHER ON THE BEACH.

-- GEORGE JAY CRAWFORD --

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Fair Weather Farm
Cooksville, Illinois #38

Dear Friends;

Another month has rolled by and I am finding out what it is like to be an "active" member. From now on I hope to give the other "Eds" more praise for their sheets, as I am finding out from personal experience that publishing this little sheet does take time and money, and I more than ever appreciate the efforts of all the other fellow members in this little "bundle." I see now why the UAPA officers stress writing each and every one and giving them encouragement. However, it's been a gratifying experience.

I believe I promised to tell you more about "the farm" this time. As I mentioned last month, we raise grain and livestock, the latter consisting of feeder cattle and sheep. As to grain, corn is our big crop, with soybeans running a close second. Our other crops are oats and hay.

This is a chicken-less farm, and if I had to dress a chicken I'm afraid I'd end up with all sorts of queer looking pieces, as the super markets have them cut up and packaged so handily, that I know I could never improve on that.

It is also a milkless one. We haven't milked cows for quite a few years and we very conveniently have a milkman who comes once a week. In fact, I am waiting for him now, at which time I'll purchase the weekly supply of milk, butter, cheese and ice cream products and stow them away in the freezer and refrigerator.

So you see, farming just isn't what it used to be. Last summer we had visitors from Chicago - a friend I'd known at The Art Institute in Chicago some years previous. They'd brought their children down to spend a "day on the farm."

Their "day on the farm" turned out to be quite a different one than what they'd expected. I had to rack my brain to think of someone in the vicinity who had somechickens, then phoned a friend to see if I could bring some people to see her chickens.

Then I had to run down a nephew sc he could show the 3 city children his 4-H projects - lambs, pigs, etc., for the only living thing we had on the premises at the time was "The Dog and Me."

Some month I shall devote my entire paper to my experiences as being a "Part Time Wife." By part-time-wife, I mean, when my husband sends me to an implement store to get "parts" for some of our machinery....my experiences sound slightly "slapstick", but are nonetheless true.

I attempted to sell the article to FARM JOURNAL MAGAZINE, but their editors seemed to think the whole thing sounded contrived, and that a farm wife would know more about "parts." I'll see what you think about it, after you've read my article.

Enuf news from Fair Weather Farm and on to the World of Books.

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#89

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE
EDITOR-ANNIE ELIZABETH SCURLOCK.
517 ROBBINS STREET, TEXARKANA, TEXAS.
LAUGH LINES
RED SKELTON; During the last war I fought-
but I had to go, anyway.

LITERARY GEMS OF THOUGHT -ROBERT BROWNING-
"Attempt is growth, We fail to rise, are baffled to
fight better, sleep to wake."

DEAR POSTMASTER GENERAL!!!!!!!!!!-------
Will you answer this, please
Why does a four cent stamp, When it is licked till damp
And placed on a letter-stick not one whit better
Than the old model threes???????
-by ANNIE ELIZABETH SCURLOCK.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE
I would like--so much to be a poet,
Though simpler to buy a rose and grow it.
The more I read, the more authors convince
Me the undertaking is too immense
For simple, baffled minds like mine to grasp.
I guess I should lock desire on a hasp,
For there is a critic on each corner,
And they are not asleep like Jack Horner.
But stake pseudo claims to realms of culture,
And pick the simple bard like a vulture.
But I must write when the spirit moves me,
Or the muse inside of me reproves me.
So, mounted high on its soaring pinion,
I aim straight for poetry's dominion
If I lapse by the wayside into verse,
Still I must write--for better or for worse.
-by ANNIE ELIZABETH SCURLOCK.

HEART STRINGS

A seductive breeze entices
My vagrant gypsy feet to roam
To lands which grow dates and spices,
And blue tresses the wild waves comb.
But finance breaks from high prices,
So my eyes rove inside a tome,
Then--luscious red melon slices
And heart-strings tether me at home.
-by Annie Elizabeth Scurlock.

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#90

Fair Weather Farm
Cooksville, Illinois

Dear Friends;

Nearly a year has elapsed, and I have been a silent UAPA member- at first, just wondering what it was all about, then after several bundles, becoming acquainted with the various names and locales. Then beginning to look for certain "favorites."

Since my friend, Alma Stubblefield of ALMA 'S HOBBY SERVICE, began printing a monthly paper, she so enthused me over the work, that I decided I would likewise take the plunge, so here I am, writing you all a letter, which I should have done sometime ago.

First of all, I should like to thank all of those who have written to me the past year, and from now on, I hope to acknowledge all my mail, particularly if you send me a stamped, addressed envelope, to speed up my reply.

I'm undecided as yet, whether to write monthly or not, as this seems quite an undertaking at the time, so I'm not sure yet. I'll see what your response isto my first letter from "Fair Weather Farm." If anyone has any ideas for improvement, don't hesitate to let me know about them.

I have been writing in earnest since about 1945, and have made over a hundred sales of all types - articles, stories, quizzes, fillers, etc. That isn't a very magnanimous record, but much of that time has been spent in contest writing. I've sent out many hundreds of contest entries and have received many nice prizes, ranging from a trip to the Ozarks to a mink stole, to many small appliances, jewelry, hosiery, canned goods - well, just all sorts of things.

So actually more of my time is spent in contest writing, than in other types of writing, altho this winter I have dug out some old manuscripts, typed them up freshand am starting them out on the rounds again.

The third type of writing that I do is popular song writing. I have about half a dozen completed numbers and many more "in the works" - some completed, but not arranged. How about it - have we any "song arrangers" among the UAPA'ers. Or any song publishers? I haven't done much in trying to market my songs, as that is such a unique field, but may do so in the future.

I have some good hints on how to convert "junk mail" into usable stationery. Go through all your incoming mail and every 9 x 12 sheet which has one blank side to it, crease in the opposite direction, and you will have a nice blank sheet you can use for a carbon copy. That is what I'm typing my first rough draft of this letter on now.

There will be other smaller sheets of paper with one side blank. I keep a small box which will fit on my desk and throw all of these odds 'n ends in loosely - they make convenient little memos.

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#91

For This I Ask

Harriet Nicholson

Not only night and morning,
But oft throughout the day,
I leave the worldly tumult
And steal away to pray.

To pray for love and wisdom,
To be worthy of my task,
Freed from hate and malice,
These simple gifts I ask.

I kneel in silent stillness,
Reflect on His great love,
I know but for His mercy
My work would worthless prove.

I thank Him for His guidance,
His patient loving care,
I ask to grow more like Him,
This is my humble prayer.

I rise with renewed vision,
The peace for which I long,
My face beams with His likeness,
My heart swells with His song.

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#92

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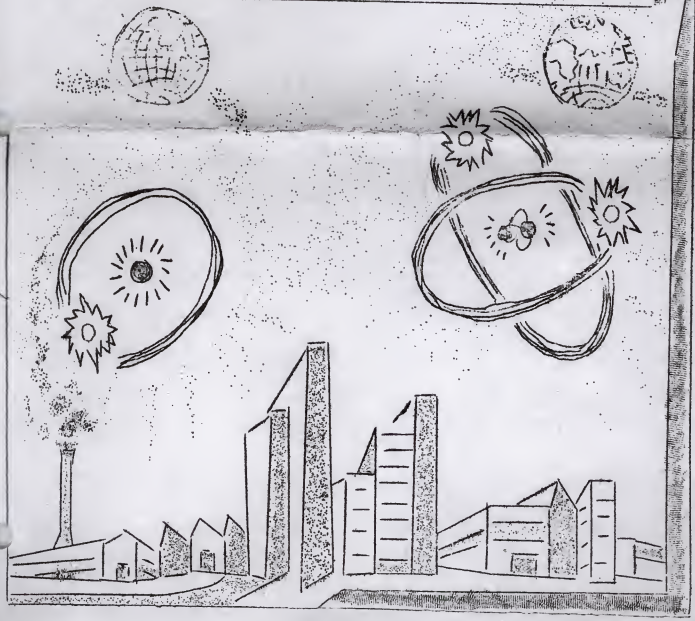
FREEDOM EQUALITY

APOLIEN J. KOLINSKI -- EDITOR and PUBLISHER
867 MISSION STREET -- SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF., U.S.A.

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